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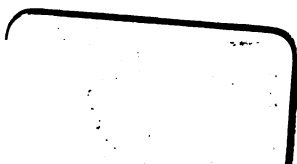
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**FAITH AND PRACTICE.**

**LONDON :**

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# FAITH AND PRACTICE:

BEING

SUNDRY THOUGHTS IN VERSE.

BY

A COUNTRY CURATE,

AUTHOR OF "THOUGHTS IN VERSE FOR THE AFFLICTED."



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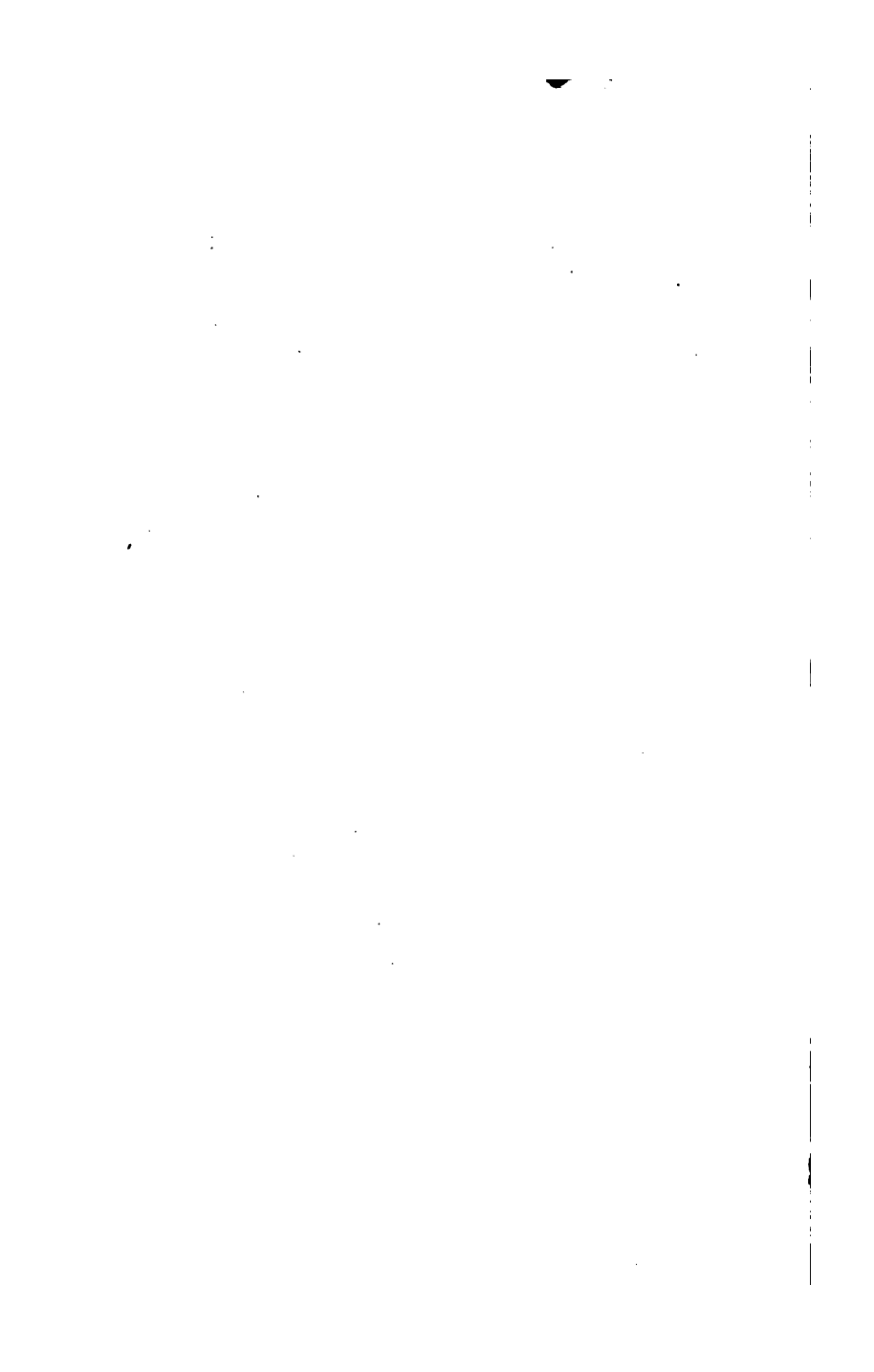
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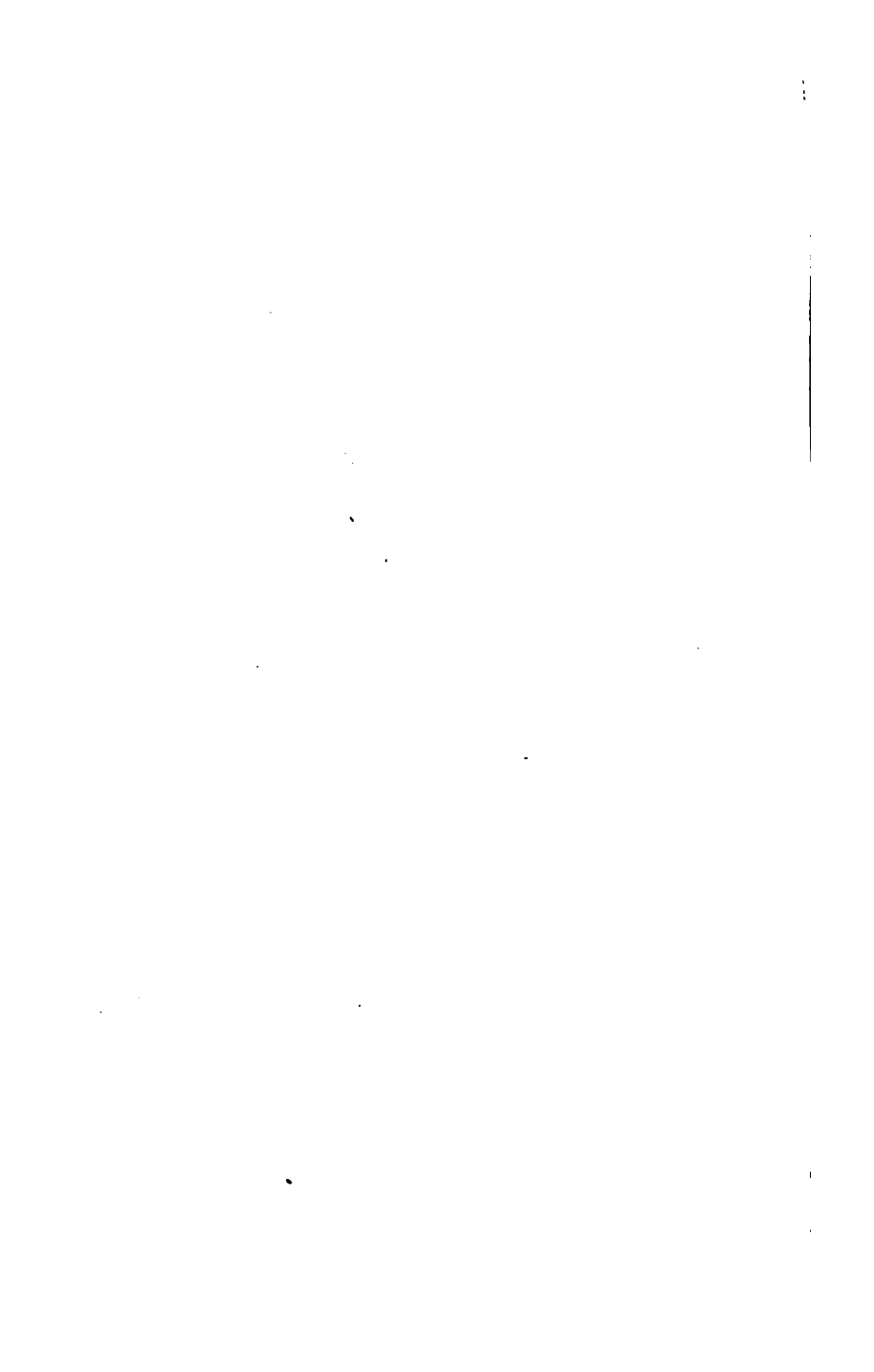
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TO  
THAT PURE AND APOSTOLIC BRANCH  
OF  
CHRIST'S CHURCH  
WHEREIN THE AUTHOR IS PRIVILEGED TO SERVE,  
THIS LITTLE VOLUME  
IS  
HUMBLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

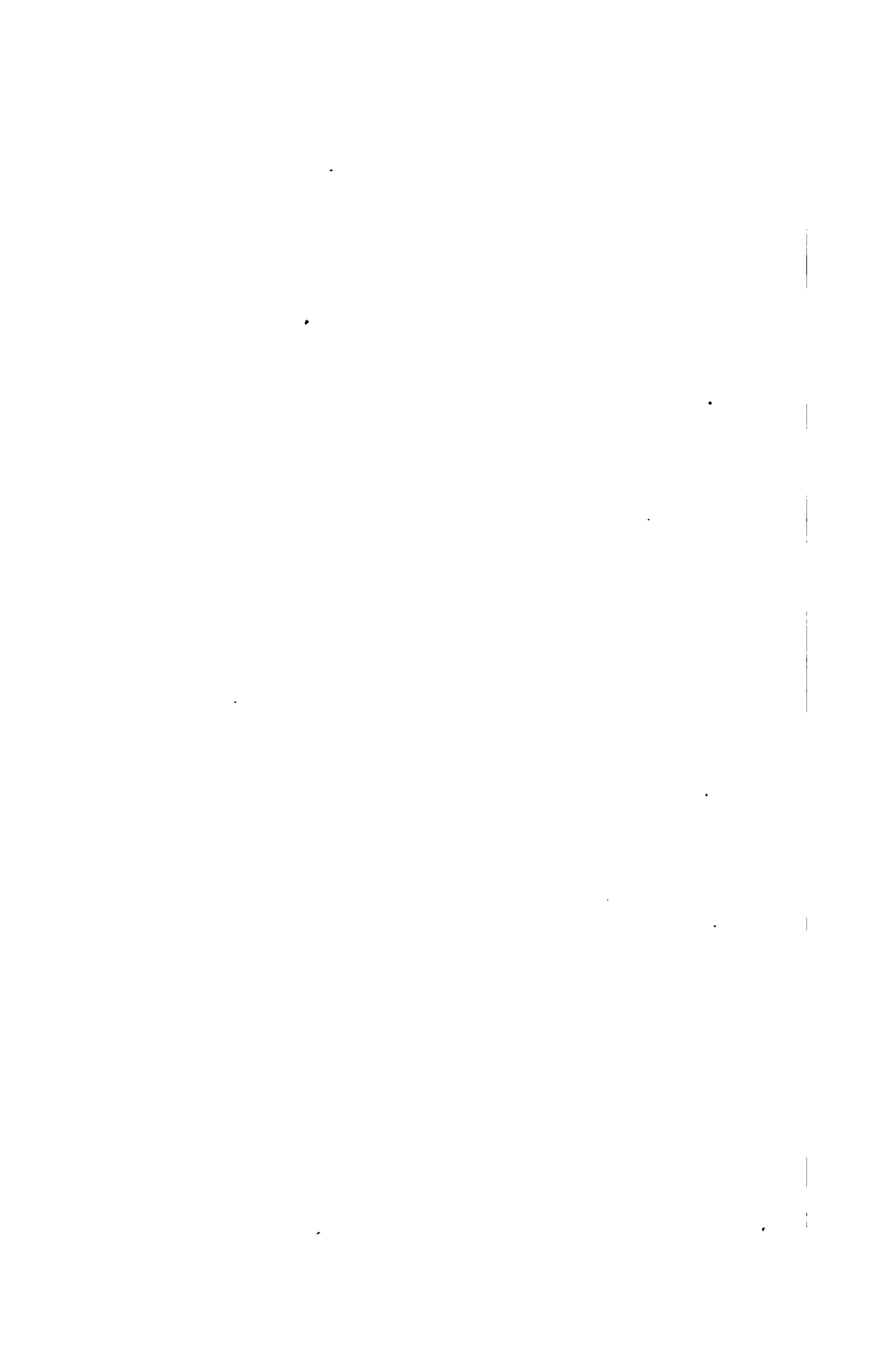


## ADVERTISEMENT.

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IN offering these verses to the public, the Author is very sensible that they have many deficiencies. Yet, as he conceives they set forth high and holy truths simply and practically, he would fain hope, however feeble his numbers, that they may serve, by God's blessing, to cheer on a few of his fellow-travellers in the great pilgrimage of life, and lead all into whose hands they may come to contend the more earnestly for the "faith once delivered to the saints."

*Easter 1850.*



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# FAITH AND PRACTICE,

ETC.



## WALKING WITH GOD.



### Morning Hymn.

“As for me, I will sing of Thy power, and will praise Thy mercy betimes in the morning.”—*Psalm* lix. 16.

EVERY morning that I rise,  
Lord, Thy goodness testifies,  
Thine eternal Arm\* hath kept  
Danger from me while I slept.

Let Thy mercies, thus renewed,  
Fill my heart with gratitude,  
That through life Thy servant may  
Praise Thee more and more each day.

Keep me from presumptuous sin  
Through the day I now begin;

\* “Underneath are the everlasting arms.”

Every thought, and deed, and word,  
Order to Thy glory, Lord.

Grant Thy Holy Spirit's aid  
When temptation doth invade ;  
Whatsoe'er my business be,  
Teach me to rely on Thee.

May Thy grace assist, prevent,  
That each hour to Thee be spent ;  
Guide me in my walk aright,  
As becomes a " child of light."

Dying daily while I live,  
Thus, at length, I may arrive  
Where there reigneth endless day  
In bright regions far away.

---

**Evening Hymn.**

" It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy Name, O Most High :

" To shew forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night."—*Psalm xcii.* 1, 2.

NIGHT hath shed her dewy mantle  
Quenching all the golden light ;

Hours of darkness, now advancing,  
Mortals to repose invite.

Ere I sleep, to Him, who gave me  
Every blessing of the day,  
Let me render grateful homage,  
And for further mercies pray.

Glory be to Thee, Jehovah,  
For my life and daily bread,  
For my dwelling, for my raiment,  
For each gift upon me shed.

Father, I have sinned against Thee—  
Sinned in thought, in word, and deed;  
In His Name who died to ransom,  
Pardon for my faults I plead.

Spread Thy heavenly curtain round me;  
Save, defend me with Thine arm;  
Bid Thy blessed angels, watching,  
Guard my couch from pending harm.

From temptation, Lord, deliver  
My corrupt, rebellious heart;  
May my waking thoughts be holy,  
Quickening grace anew impart.

Teach me to adore Thy mercy,  
 Make me joyful in my bed ;\*  
 Cause me to rejoice with glory  
 That Thy wings are o'er me spread.

Oh, vouchsafe me peaceful slumber,  
 To refresh my wearied frame,  
 That, with early dawn arising,  
 I may bless Thy holy Name.

---

*The Flight of Time.†*

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."—*Psalm xc. 9.*

ANOTHER year—  
 O solemn thought!—is gone ;  
 And I am here  
 A pilgrim creeping on.

Another year,  
 With all its grief and joy,  
 Its hope and fear,  
 Its comfort and alloy ;

Its pleasures too,  
 And pains ; its sunshine, glee,

\* *Psalm cxlix. 5.*

† Written on the last night of the year.

And tears, oh, who  
Can tell where these may be?

The blessings given,  
How numberless are they ;  
The gifts of Heaven,  
So often cast away.

All these have gone  
To gather with the past ;  
Yet shall each one  
In judgment rise at last.

Forgive me, Lord,  
The mercies I've misused ;  
Of Thy pure Word  
The counsellings refused.

Forgive each sin—  
My weakness and my pride ;  
The guilt within  
Which turned my feet aside.

But say this hour,  
“ I will that thou be clean ;”  
Thy mercy pour  
Upon its closing scene.

So I may learn  
To prize Thy favours more,  
Blushing to spurn  
Heaven's blessings as before ;

And each new year  
May lead me on in peace ;  
As death draws near  
May faith and love increase.

---

**Our Pilgrimage.\***

“ Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.”  
— *Phil.* iii. 13, 14.

ONWARD, brother, ever onward  
In the pure and holy way ;  
He who sets his vision heaven-ward  
May not linger or delay.

Day by day, and year by year,  
Thus advancing in the race,  
Till at last our souls appear  
Crowned with undying grace.

\* Written on the first day of the year.

Faint we not, though weak and weary ;  
Fear we not, though sore beset ;  
Rugged though the path and dreary,  
Shall we question or forget

That an Arm unseen is near us  
Mighty to sustain and save,  
That bright angels come to cheer us  
In our journey to the grave?

Onward, then, still pressing onward,  
Year by year, and day by day ;  
Looking aye before and upward,  
Lest we faint or fall away.

---

***The Way of a Happy Life.\****

WILT thou lead a happy life ?  
Embark not in vain worldly strife ;  
Lay nothing here too much to heart,  
Nor cede thy wants too large a part ;  
Give not thy joy excessive sway,  
Nor suffer grief too deep to prey ;  
Let not thy earthly cares prevent  
What should upon the soul be spent ;

\* This and the following piece are metrical versions of portions of Bishop Wilson's *Sacra Privata*.



Nor ever may the heart forget  
Whereon its purpose should be set.  
Do all, whate'er in words or ways,  
In Jesus' Name, to Jesus' praise.  
Cease not to strive 'gainst Satan's power;  
Be watchful, wakeful every hour.  
Preserve thy latter end in view,  
And all thy passions base subdue.  
Thus, though thou wage an anxious strife,  
Happy indeed shall prove thy life.

---

**The Duties of a Christian.**

A CHRISTIAN who would live sincere  
Must strive to serve his God with fear,\*  
And seek Him always to obey  
Who leadeth in the narrow way,  
The powers alike of heart and mind  
In the great effort aye combined.  
So shall the Christian humbly try  
His neighbour too to edify,  
With anxious care lest he by aught  
Destroy a soul that Jesus bought.  
Whatever lot to him be given  
Therein content to toil for heaven,

\* "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."

Looking to God, whose aid divine  
His reins to virtue may incline.  
Oft-time must he who thus would live  
His heart to meditation give,  
Consider well, and mark his ways,  
If these be to his Master's praise ;  
His soul in constant prayer must bow,  
That to a temper, while below,  
Lowly and loving he attain,  
And that he ne'er receive in vain  
God's holy Word of truth and love,  
To guide him to the realms above.

---

Christian Liberty.

“ Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath  
made us free.”—*Gal.* v. 1.

“ Is this the liberty ye boast,”

    Methinks I hear the scoffer say,

“ Your native freedom to have lost

    And cast your pleasures all away?

Are ye not filled with gloomy fear

    And thoughts of things beyond the grave?

Is this your sole enjoyment here,

    This all the privilege ye have?

As caged birds essay in vain  
To burst their prison-bars and soar,  
Such thoughts your liberty enchain  
And curb your spirits evermore."

Ah! little doth the scoffer know  
Th' exhaustless fount they have within  
From strength to strength who onward go,  
Freed from the power and curse of sin.

'Tis not the license he desires  
From all restraints upon his will,  
Nor yet the pleasure he admires,  
That only gratifies to kill.

'Tis liberty in Christ to live  
And share His blessings day by day;  
Such joy as neither man can give,  
Nor ever man can take away.

'Tis freedom alway to draw near,  
With holy confidence and love,  
To One who hath a willing ear,  
And tell our wants to Him above.

'Tis freedom from the weight of wo,  
The promise of support and grace,—

Of peace that only they can know  
Who humbly seek the Father's face.

'Tis freedom from the yoke of life,  
The weary bondage of the world ;  
Deliv'rance in the latest strife,  
When death his fatal dart hath hurled.

And yet, 'tis something even more—  
Oh, blinded scoffer, mark it well  
Ere yet thy day of grace be o'er—  
'Tis freedom from the gates of hell !

---

**Faith.**

“ The just shall live by faith.”—*Gal.* iii. 11.

THOU “ evidence of things unseen !”  
To mortals hast thou ever been  
A guiding star that lends its light  
Amid the drear and pitchy night,  
The gloom of darkness to dispel  
And every rising doubt to quell.  
The substance of a hallowed hope,  
Thou armest heart and mind to cope  
With dangers dread and trials sore  
That on the helpless sinner pour.

Virtue divine, be ever mine !  
And may thy radiance clearer shine  
To point the way to yonder home,  
Nor let me for an instant roam  
In devious paths. Guide thou my bark,  
As thou dost steer the saving ark ;  
Withhold me e'er from error's treach'rous reef  
And fatal shoal of carnal unbelief.

---

*The Sons of God.*

"He hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling . . . .  
according to His own purpose and grace."—2 *Tim.* i. 9.

YE that bear the sacred sign  
Of Jesu slain upon the brow ;  
Ye that share the breath divine,  
Partakers of the holy vow ;

How high a privilege is yours,  
How glorious is your calling here ;  
What blessedness your state ensures,  
If ye but hold it ever dear !

But yet, alas, how few are those,  
Though sons of God and heirs of heaven,  
Who count the flesh and sin as foes  
And keep them free from Satan's leaven :

How few regard the solemn tie  
To Christ the Head, and His loved Bride,  
Or seek from worldly pomps to fly,  
And range them on their Master's side.

'Tis so, in truth, for man is blind,  
Yet deems a faultless vision his :  
'Tis so, for perverse is the mind,  
And nought but self-perfection sees.

'Tis so, for wisdom cries in vain,  
In vain discretion lifts her voice ;  
And man delights in folly's reign,  
And maketh vanity his choice.

'Tis so, for pride uplifts the heart  
And man contemns the gift within,  
Resists the Spirit, to depart  
And revel in the tents of sin.

O wayward sons, could ye but feel  
The penury and famine there,  
Whilst others, cherishing their weal,  
At home their Father's bounty share.

Could ye but learn to realise  
How fall'n ye are, and how debased,

Methinks at once ye would arise  
And weeping to that Father haste.

Nor ever the repentant voice  
His loving-mercy hears in vain,  
And angels round the throne rejoice  
O'er each one lost, but found again.

Repent, then, ye that scorn the grace  
That God in Christ hath freely given ;  
Repent ere yet ye lose all trace  
Of sons of God and heirs of heaven.

Repent, repent, nor set at nought  
The mercy proffered every hour,  
The love that gave, the blood that bought,  
The blessings placed within your power.

Repent, repent, and so return  
As suppliants to an injured Sire,  
And crave the pardon pride would spurn,  
Ere ye have known His fullest ire.

For ye may yet obtain the prize,  
The high inheritance be yours ;  
From death to life ye may arise—  
To life that evermore endures.

*The Battle of Life.*

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.”

*Eccles. ix. 10.*

WE must be up and doing,  
While yet we have the day ;  
We must be up and doing,  
And cast our dreams away.

We must be marching onward,  
Ever the night set in ;  
We must be speeding forward,  
If we the prize would win.

The hand once to the ploughshare,  
We may not turn us back ;  
Nor bend our footsteps elsewhere  
Save in the beaten track—

The track that leads to glory,  
Though hard and toilsome now ;—  
Then, Christians, look before ye,  
Be mindful of your vow ;

And fight with manful vigour  
Beneath your banner's shade,



And keep with tenfold rigour  
The cov'nant ye have made.

For when the battle's ended  
Remains a promised rest ;\*  
When Jesus hath descended,  
Ye shall be fully blest.†

---

Morning Prayer.

"Continuing daily with one accord in the Temple."

*Acts ii. 46.*

A SOUND familiar breaks upon the ear,  
Bidding God's children in His house appear ;

\* Job iii. 17.

† "Life eternal may be looked upon under three considerations—as initial, as partial, and as perfectional. I call that *initial* which is obtained in this life, and is, as it were, an earnest of that which is to follow (John v. 24). I call that *partial* which belongeth, though to the nobler, yet but a part of man; that is, the soul of the just separated from the body; the happiness which the saints enjoy between the hour of their death and the last day (2 Cor. v. 8). Thirdly, I call that *perfectional* which shall be conferred upon the elect immediately after the blessing pronounced by Christ, 'Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world' (Matt. xxv. 34.)"—Bishop Pearson's *Exposition of the Creed*, Art. xii.

A daily witness, 'mid this worldly din  
And strife, of things eternal and unseen.  
How welcome should these soothing tones resound  
Where misery and galling care abound ;  
How gladly should we turn aside each day,  
Within the sacred courts to praise and pray,  
Confess our many sins, and be absolved  
From all the guilt and punishment involved.  
There, too, devoutly listening, to learn  
Thy "lively oracles," O God, in turn,  
And reap the blessing of the "two or three"  
Combined with one accord to worship Thee.  
What holy joy throughout the world were shed—  
The earth for which erewhile Immanuel bled—  
Were Christians thus to consecrate each morn  
Before the labours of the day were borne,  
And bear the unction of a peaceful heart  
Where'er they traffic in life's busy mart.

---

**The Litany.**

"Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say, Spare thy people, O Lord."—*Joel* ii. 17.

THREE days in every seven ascend on high  
The plaintive breathings of our Litany ;

The pastor and his flock devoutly kneel  
And to th' eternal Three in One appeal,  
Entreating mercy for their sinful deeds,  
As oft a captive for his freedom pleads.  
And now is heard the suffrage of the priest,  
And now the people's cry when it hath ceased—  
"Spare us, good Lord;" "Deliver us alway;"  
"Hear, we beseech Thee, Lord, Thy servants pray."  
Now blend their voices as they supplicate  
With growing fervour and ejaculate  
Petitions earnest in unbroken stream,  
Wrestling as whilom Jacob in his dream.  
If aught from earth arriveth at the Throne,  
Methinks these intercessions thither flown,  
Through our Redeemer's mediation pure,  
Prevail a speedy answer to procure.  
If aught can move a sinner's heart to pray,  
These burning accents surely ope the way.  
Oh, that with unclean lips we should profane  
Our Litany, and thereby make it vain!  
Forbid it, Lord! But, with a heart sincere,  
Grant that to heaven's high gate we alway may draw  
near.

---

**Evening Prayer.**

"Let my prayer be set before Thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice." — *Psalm cxli.* 2.

AGAIN those sounds come stealing through the air,  
Fondly inviting to the house of prayer  
The little flock. How few, alas, are they  
Who love the Church's summons to obey!  
An aged form or so trembling with years;  
A weeping mourner too at times appears;  
And here and there some pious Ruth is seen  
Speeding across the little village green;  
While hundreds heed not who can leisure find  
To spend on pleasures of an earthly kind.  
Not so in primal times the wont, for day  
By day the Christians met to praise and pray,  
And break the bread of life, nurturing e'er  
The tender plant of faith with anxious care.  
Oh, learn we hence to prize and gladly use  
These means of grace, nor wantonly refuse  
To hear the call! Let every hill and dale  
Listen each morn and even to the tale  
The tower or spire chants forth; and in the street  
Of crowded cities let such music greet  
The passer-by, and lure him with its song  
To seek the temple with the reverent throng.

**The Holy Catholic Church.**

“The king’s daughter is all glorious within.”

*Psalm* xlv. 13.

SPOUSE of the Lamb! how wondrous fair art thou,  
Decked in thy bridal robe of virgin white  
Broidered with gold of Ophir passing bright,  
And gems the rarest glittering on thy brow  
Pure as the morning dew or dazzling snow.  
Thus shalt thou be when, in thy Master’s sight,  
Endued for ever with unfading light.  
But chaste and beauteous seem’st thou even now,  
Though in the tents of Kedar thou abide  
Moored in this howling wilderness of crime,  
And thy Beloved in His garden hide.\*  
Await in patience, then, and hope, thy time,  
A faithful Bride, breathing in every clime  
A richer fragrance as the seasons glide.

---

**The Church of England.**

“Return, we beseech Thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine; and the vineyard which Thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that Thou madest strong for Thyself.”—*Psalm* lxxx. 14, 15.

As when at dawn along the eastern sky  
A heavy bank of clouds we see depend,

\* Song of Solomon, vi. 2.

It doth some elemental strife portend ;  
So, now, the watchmen from their towers descry  
A day of gloom and storm fast drawing nigh  
To our dear Mother Church. May Heaven defend  
This Vine ; nor let these threat'ning trials rend  
Her inly peace! O Lord of hosts, we cry  
To Thee ; for Thine almighty hand alone,  
Which planted in this place this cherished Branch  
So goodly and divinely beauteous grown,  
Can shield her, and protect her sacred hedge  
From foes within and fierce oppressors' rage,  
And make her children loving, leal, and stanch.

---

## SACRED SEASONS.

---

**Abbent.\***

"Be ye also ready."—*St. Matt. xxiv. 44.*

ONCE more the cycle of the sacred year  
Begins to lead us on the heavenward way;  
Once more we seem in solemn tones to hear  
Some angel-voice the tale of love display.

Once more doth holy Mother Church invite  
Her faithful offspring to the round of prayer,  
And bid them, with one heart and soul, unite  
Their lowly worship to the throne to bear.

Once more she pointeth to the wondrous scene  
Of Bethlehem's manger and the Virgin's Child,

\* This and a few other of the pieces have already appeared  
in a monthly periodical.

Enkindling all around a joy serene,  
A glowing rapture, peaceful, undefiled.

Now would she have us deeply meditate  
On what the grace Divine hath wrought for earth,  
Inflaming thus our love to celebrate  
The festal season of the Saviour's birth.

Now, too, her warning accents gently tell  
Of future judgment, and the awful hour  
When He who came in humble form to dwell  
Shall come enrobed in majesty and power.

On clouds of heaven and flaming wings revealed,  
With hosts seraphic and angelic train,  
'Mid lightnings bright and thunders loudly pealed,  
To judge the world shall Jesus come again.

Oh, shall we hear the warning voice unmoved,  
And tremble not the word to disobey?  
Our erring hearts, shall they be unimproved,  
Unpurified against the final day?

Forbid it, Lord! such fatal mood dispel;  
Our works of darkness make us cast away;  
Oh, give us grace our stubborn pride to quell,  
And teach us to prepare—to watch and pray.



Endue us with the robe of inly light  
That we may wage a constant holy strife,  
And hail with joy the fondly looked-for sight  
Of Thy approach to give us endless life.

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**The Second Coming of our Lord.**

“So likewise ye, when ye see these things come to pass,  
know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand.”—*St. Luke*  
xxi. 31.

THERE is an hour that draweth nigh,  
To many burdened with a sigh,  
By signs infallible declared,  
That they who watch may be prepared,  
By signs on earth, by signs on high,  
By signs revealèd in the sky;  
The pitchy darkness of the noon,  
The murky veiling of the moon,—  
When such appear,  
That hour is near.

When sad perplexities abound,  
When doubt and terror gloom around,  
When nations wage unholy strife,  
And rumours of dread war are rife,

When raging tempests toss the sea,  
Mad waves are roaring to be free,  
When fear is making stout hearts fail,  
And men for coming judgments quail,—  
When such are found,  
Expect the sound.

The powers of heaven above shall shake,  
The earth from her foundations quake,  
The pestilential blast shall blow,  
And famine breed the sound of wo ;  
False prophets, luring, shall arise,  
Iniquity confound the wise,  
The love of many shall have fled,  
And Antichrist uplift his head,—  
These shall portend  
Th' approaching end.

Perchance the fig-tree, even now,  
Aneath the brooding storm must bow ;  
Perchance, ere yet this age be past,  
'Tis doomed its ripened leaves to cast ;  
Perchance the living still may see  
The shaking of the olive-tree ;  
Perchance the vintage may be done,  
The gleanings of the grapes begun ;

But yet, the hour we may not know—  
Jehovah hath ordained it so—  
Nor let us daringly intrude  
Where holy angels have not stood.  
Shall such as we presume to look  
Into the Father's sealèd book?  
Shall sinful mortals hope to find  
What God hath veiled from the mind?  
Nay, 'twere a vain and senseless task  
Forbidden knowledge thus to ask;  
For as the lightning flasheth by  
From eastern to the western sky,  
So shall the Son of Man appear  
In glory to this lower sphere,  
And to the sight  
Display His might.

Then be it ours, while we behold  
The signs His wisdom hath foretold,  
To gird the loins and trim the light  
That so the lamp of faith be bright;  
And be it ours fresh oil to pour,  
Its waning glimmer to restore,  
That being ready when the cry  
Is heard, "The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"  
We may repair  
The feast to share.

*The Holy Ministry.*

“Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you.”—*St. John* xx. 21.

THOU, who hast sent them forth  
Heralds of grace divine  
To the redeemèd earth,  
Cause Thou on them to shine  
Of Thy most blessèd countenance,  
O Lord, the heavenly radiance.

Stewards of mysteries  
Deeper than mortal ken,  
And of Thy high decrees  
Ambassadors to men;  
Oh, fill their hearts with boundless zeal  
The truths of wisdom to reveal.

Prosper their work where'er  
They serve! In faith and hope,  
With might may they declare  
The gospel tale, and ope  
The hidden treasures of Thy word,  
And far and near their voice be heard.

Preparing thus the way,  
O Jesu, for that hour  
When Thou shalt here display  
Thy glory and Thy power,  
With the shrill trumpet summoning  
All to their final reckoning.

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**Christmas Morn.**

“The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.”—  
*St. John i. 14.*

O BOUNDLESS grace! O love untold!  
O wondrous charity!  
That did so vast a scheme unfold  
From all eternity.

How can we fathom such a love,  
The length, the depth, the height,  
Of Him who left the realms above—  
The mansions of delight?

Who came in human flesh arrayed,  
With all its ills and woes;  
Who bare its evils undismayed,  
To ransom cruel foes.

Who came, as now, a little child,  
In humble manger born,  
Pure, spotless, holy, undefiled,  
To rescue the forlorn.

Who came to cheer the fainting soul,  
To loose the captive's chain,—  
To make the sick and languid whole,  
And raise the dead again.

From groaning earth to wash away  
The ruin of the curse ;  
The light of wisdom to display,  
Dark ignorance disperse.

Thrice-holy morn ! thrice-happy hour !  
Thrice-blest nativity !  
When first the "Son of God, with power,"  
Embraced humility.\*

Come, let us join the hosts above,  
His holy Name to laud,  
Our hearts exuberant with love  
To the incarnate God.

\* *ἑαυτὸν ἐκένωσεν.*

Before His sacred altar kneel,  
His flesh and blood to share,  
Who heaven to earth this day did seal  
And bind in one for e'er.

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*A Christmas Carol.*

IN Bethlehem's plains, while shepherds watched  
Their gentle flocks by night,  
A heavenly messenger appeared,  
With radiance passing bright;

And whilst in terror mute they gaze,  
And faint their fearful hearts,  
Thus fitly to their ravished ears  
His wondrous tale imparts:

"Dismiss your fears, your doubts dispel,  
Let gladness fill each mind;  
Good tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.

This day in David's town is born  
To men a sovereign Lord,  
A Saviour from the curse of sin,—  
Rejoice with one accord!

There, lowly in a manger laid,  
You'll find the Babe Divine ;  
An infant form in swaddling clothes  
Shall be to you a sign."

Ere yet these accents died away,  
There echoed through the plain  
Soft music from ten thousand tongues,  
A sweet seraphic strain :

"Glory to God, who reigns supreme,  
The highest glory give!  
Ye sons of men, our praises join,  
"Tis ordered ye shall live.

Peace, peace on earth, for ever peace ;  
Peace, peace from heaven above ;  
Such peace as never reigned before,  
The peace which springs from love!

Good will to man! good will from God  
To sinners reconciled ;  
Good will, with blessings showered down  
On every fallen child!"

Let us survey yon humble cot,  
Where round the manger crowd



' The shepherd and the eastern sage,  
In lowly worship bowed.

Let us their adoration join,  
Our richest offering bring,  
A life of faith and hope and love\*  
To Christ our Lord and King.

---

*The Circumcision of our Lord.*

"But when the fulness of time was come, God sent forth  
His Son, made of a woman, made under the Law.

"To redeem them that were under the law, that we might  
receive the adoption of sons."—*Gal.* iv. 4, 5.

IMPLICIT Thy obedience, Lord,  
E'en from the mother's womb;  
Thy every action doth accord  
From Bethlehem to the tomb.

'Twas thus, a tender infant, Thou  
Hast felt the cruel knife,  
Whereby Thy virgin blood did flow  
To consecrate Thy life.

\* See Bishop Jeremy Taylor's *Life of Christ*, § iv. 11.

A Jewish Babe, an Israelite,  
Enrolled by Moses' law,—  
The Son of God, the Infinite,  
To whom all nations draw.

What love, O Lord, what gracious love,  
Thou to our world didst bear,  
To leave Thy majesty above,  
This mortal garb to wear!

But oh, how vast that love appears  
Whene'er I look on Thee—  
A Man of sorrows, Child of tears,  
Afflicted thus for me!

Grant, then, I may obedient prove,  
Submissive to Thy will;  
Thy perfect law, with child-like love,  
Unmurmuring fulfil.

Now, on the threshold of the year,  
I dedicate anew  
My heart, with all its motions here,  
By circumcision true.\*

\* Romans ii. 29.

*The Epiphany.*

"A light to lighten the Gentiles."—*St. Luke* ii. 32.

"HAIL, stranger orb, that brightly shin'st,  
Gem of the eastern sky ;  
Of all that star-bespangled vault  
None to our hearts so nigh.

Thy lustre lend to guide our steps  
In this our pilgrimage,  
'Mid darkness, through the desert gloom,  
While storm and tempest rage.

Vouchsafe to shine with radiant beam  
Till we have seen the King ;  
Till we have worshipped Him of whom  
Glad tidings thou dost bring."

Thus prayed the sage on heathen shores  
When first that star he spied,  
Then hopefully to Zion's land  
With eager footsteps hied.

He tarried not, nor heeded he  
The dangers all around ;  
By night, by day, he onward sped,  
Till Israel's Lord he found.

Full brightly now in regions high  
The Sun of Righteousness,  
With healing on His wings, hath risen,  
The Gentile world to bless.

Yea, even on this distant isle  
His brilliant rays do shine :  
Child of the sea, thy favoured sons  
Are blest with light divine !

Oh, let us, then, like sage of old,  
With rapture hail our guide ;  
The Star of Faith shall lead our souls  
To our Redeemer's side.

With blessing let us greet our Lord,  
With songs of grateful praise ;—  
Both Jew and Gentile Jesus came  
From depths of sin to raise.

No barrier now, no envious veil  
To screen the holy place ;  
But all who love and who believe  
Shall see God face to face.

*The Presentation of Christ in the Temple.*

“And when they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee.”—*St. Luke* ii. 39.

HAST Thou obeyed, incarnate Son,  
In whom no breath of guile was found;  
And shall not we obey, each one,  
Who with iniquities abound?

Yes! else in vain we strive to keep  
Pure hearts and chaste desires within,  
And vainly seek away to sweep  
The cumulating force of sin.

Whate'er we need to run the race,  
Thy goodness freely hath supplied  
In ordinance and means of grace,  
Within the precincts of the Bride.

Weak and inconstant as we are,  
Such blessed aids we aye require;  
Adore we, then, the tender care  
And mercy of th' eternal Sire.

With reverent zeal employ each mean,  
As holy men of old were wont,  
Who lived by faith and died serene,  
Unflinching 'neath the battle's brunt.

**Our Lord's Retirement.**

“ And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.”—*St. Luke* ii. 52.

As by the gentle breath of spring  
The tender plant is reared each hour,  
Till by and by, a verdure king,  
’Tis crownèd with a beauteous flower ;

Or, as the sapling year by year  
Extends its shade and gathers strength,  
Till, spreading wide, it doth appear  
A monarch of the wood at length ;

So, ’neath His humble roof on earth  
The heaven-born Infant’s growth we scan,  
In wisdom, stature, grace, and worth,  
In favour both with God and man.

Obedient to His mother’s voice  
From childhood to maturer age,\*  
He makes retirement thus His choice,  
While mighty deeds His thoughts engage.

Not yet th’ appointed hour is come  
The Father’s mission to fulfil ;

\* Verse 51.

But silently in yonder home  
He doth perform His parents' will.

The quiet air, the noble mien,  
The loving accents of His speech,  
The gentle bearing alway seen,  
Have won, methinks, the heart of each.

Childhood and youth, go, mark it well,  
Emmanuel's meek submission here!  
And learn your proud desires to quell,  
Keeping from angry passions clear.

Like Him, your earthly parents love,  
Their dictates honour and obey;  
Thus shall you please your Sire above,  
And grow in favour every day.

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**Caput Jejuni.\***

"Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—*Psalms xxx. 5.*

Who are yon downcast foot-bare band  
In sackcloth raiment clad,  
Before the sacred porch they stand  
So sorrowful, so sad?

\* See Bishop Sparrow's *Rationale of the Book of Common Prayer*, "Ash-Wednesday."

Why wait they there, excluded now  
From the all-hallowed fane,  
While those within devoutly bow,  
And raise the doleful strain?

“Ah, these have wrought the deed of sin,  
Ungodly lives have led;  
But sorrow's pang at last begin  
To feel, whose hearts were dead.”

Ere long, I see the portal wide  
The mournful crowd receive,  
The holy bishop by their side  
Quick moved with them to grieve.  
When sung the penitential psalm,  
Prostrate they mourn and weep,—  
Then all is hushed and all is calm,  
And 'mid the silence deep,  
With sighs, with sobs, the sainted sire  
Sprinkles the hoary dust—  
“Dust, dust thou art, to dust and mire,  
Sinner, return thou must!”

Now slowly, erst as Adam left  
Loved Eden's high delights,  
They sally forth, cast out, bereft  
Of Holy Church's rites.



And tearfully they wend their way  
Each to his penance sore ;  
To mourn, to weep, to fast, to pray,  
Through long, long days two score.

Lord, now before the heavenly gate  
I stand a penitent ;  
Here, on the threshold shall I wait,  
To sanctify my Lent.  
Teach me to grieve, to fast, to pray,  
Deploring all my sin,  
To rend my heart, to strive each day  
Against the pride within,—  
My soul to search, my guilt confess,  
My appetites deny,  
My goods impart Thy poor to bless,  
My members mortify.

Thus, while the bud and sprouting germ  
The resurrection shew,  
I would lament that I, a worm,  
Caused Jesus death and woe. •  
Now doth begin my tearful night,  
The cup of grief I drain,—  
Beyond, I see the morning bright  
When joy shall vanquish pain.

*Meditations in Lent.*

I. CHRISTIAN MORTIFICATION.

To daily die,  
 To crucify  
 The flesh with its desires ;  
 To vanquish sin,  
 And strive to win  
 The sway o'er passion's fires.

To daily die,  
 Myself deny,  
 And quell the pride of life ;  
 'Gainst Satan's power,  
 Each day, each hour,  
 To wage an inward strife.

To daily die,  
 Is thus to try  
 To live with Christ in God ;  
 A child of light,\*  
 To walk aright,  
 And tread the path He trod.

\* Ephesians v. 8.

To daily die—  
To draw me nigh  
To Thee, O Prince of Love,  
Confer Thou grace!  
That I my race  
May run for things above.

## II. CHRISTIAN REPENTANCE.

Oh, for a heart bowed down with shame,  
With sorrow deeper still!  
Oh, that contrition's keenest pang  
Would all my bosom fill!

Oh, for the warm heart-springing tear,  
The penitential groan  
That pierceth through the realms of sky,  
And reacheth to the Throne.

It is the dawn of sinner's life  
That leadeth him to God,—  
The grace that maketh him forsake  
The wicked paths he trod.

It is the mercy that convicts  
The wayward, erring sheep,

His footsteps from the gates of death  
And misery to keep.

It is the melting of the soul  
Which trial hath subdued ;  
The weeping prodigal's return,—  
The Father's love renewed.

Grant, Lord, this mercy and this grace,  
That I may turned be  
From all the error of my ways,  
And meekly follow Thee.

### III. CHRISTIAN HUMILITY.\*

HAVE I a claim to harbour pride—  
I, who have nothing else beside  
What God bestows of life and light,  
To lead me on and lead aright?  
Yes, truly, I have nought on earth  
Whereof to boast, no native worth,  
No merit of my own to plead,  
Though from my birth-stain washed and freed.†  
Without my God I am as none;  
Without His help and grace begun,

\* See Bishop Wilson's *Sacra Privata*.

† "One baptism for the remission of sins."

No righteous deed can I perform,  
No love my callous heart can warm.  
Without His word, what can I know?  
Without His guidance, whither go?  
For I am weak, and sinful too,  
And there is guilt in all I do :  
Omissions here, commissions there,  
And imperfections everywhere,—  
The love of wrong, the hate of good,  
Unruly sense, impatient mood,  
Affections base, and foul desires  
That rage within like quenchless fires,—  
These tell me of my ill desert,  
These quick arise my pride to hurt ;—  
Then, may I ever humble live,  
And all the praise to Jesus give!

## IV. PEACE.

SHEW me, O Lord, the depth of sin,  
That I search out the heart within ;  
The measure of my crime display,  
To "know myself" instruct the way.  
"The head is sick, the whole heart faint,"  
My soul with its disease acquaint ;  
Lead me to try each thought and word :  
The sword of self-inspection gird

Around my mind, and give me grace  
Each error and each fault to trace ;  
To hew the evil temper down,  
On every ill desire to frown,  
The "pride of life" and lust to quell,—  
And nerve me if the flesh rebel.  
Impartial judgment, Lord, bestow,  
'Twixt right and wrong to make me know  
And weigh my deeds, as Thou shalt weigh  
All actions at the last great day ;  
Lest, haply, I be found to cry,  
"Peace, peace," where never peace is nigh :  
Prevent me from such false conceit,  
Guiding in righteous paths my feet.  
Vouchsafe the peace of conscience pure,  
Of heart and mind from guile secure ;  
The peace of faith and hope instil,  
Of prompt obedience to Thy will ;  
The peace of pardon sealed by Thee,  
Contrition, and humility ;  
That peace which passeth mortal ken,  
And wearies not in blessing men ;  
The peace which love increaseth ever,  
As waters of a widening river.

## V. PERFECTION.

ALAS, 'tis almost vain to strive,  
Or hope by striving to arrive  
At yon remote and sacred height  
Which seems retreating from the sight!  
But yet, the struggle must be made,  
The mandate of our Lord obeyed,  
That we should linger not, nor stay,  
Nor, downcast, tarry on the way;  
But raise our standard higher still,  
Till we His perfect law fulfil.\*  
And oh, it is a noble aim  
To walk apart from this world's shame,  
To seek the track Immanuel trod,  
And more and more resemble God!  
To shew in every word and thought  
The holy lessons He hath taught,—  
In all we shun, or all we do,  
To have His glory in our view,  
That all perfection we may gain,  
And to Christ's fulness here attain.†  
What though we're weak and sorely drift,  
Each good and every perfect gift  
He will impart to lead us right,  
And in man's weakness shew His might.

\* St. Matt. v. 48.

† Eph. iv. 13.

Then, Sons of God, ye must aspire,  
Advancing daily onward, higher,  
To perfect skill and perfect love—  
Perfect and pure as God above.

## VI. REFUSING CHRIST.

“And they began to pray Him to depart out of their coasts.”

*St. Mark v. 17.*

How oft, like Gadarenes of old,  
When to their coasts the Saviour came  
His mighty mission to unfold,  
And win them to embrace His name,

Do we, when our Redeemer's love  
Would move us to take up His cross,  
Regardless of His wonders prove—  
Fast cleaving to this earthly dross.

How oft beseech Him to depart,  
And suffer freely to enjoy  
The carnal mind and lustful heart  
Life's sparkling cup without alloy.

Demons, who tremble when they see  
The heavenly-minded and the pure,



The feeblest saint on bended knee,  
Rejoice such moments to secure.

We little know how much we lose,  
When Christ would tarry in our coasts,  
If we His entrance there refuse,  
Thus giving place to Satan's hosts.

Nay, haste we rather to implore  
His aid life's rapid stream to stem,—  
Press through the thronging crowd before,  
Eager to touch His garment's hem.\*

VII. FLEEING TO CHRIST.

“And He said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee ;  
go in peace.”—*St. Luke* vii. 50.

NOT now, as when at Simon's board  
The Saviour sat at meat,  
May we appear before our Lord,  
To cast us at His feet ;

Yet, still in faith we may draw nigh  
And bow before His Throne ;  
He sees us still—still hears each sigh  
Or penitential groan.

\* Verse 27.

Not now our overflowing love  
May bathe those feet with tears,  
The heart's true gratitude to prove  
To Him who quells our fears.

Nor may we with the costly nard  
Anoint His sacred form,  
As she, "the sinner," who had heard  
His lips give forth their charm.

Yet, still His "little ones" we may  
With tenderness refresh,  
Their wants supply, their griefs allay,  
Their feet anoint and wash.

Not now we hear Himself proclaim  
Forgiveness free, and peace;  
Yet still His stewards in His name  
Repentant souls release.\*

Then, let us still in faith draw near,  
And shew our love by deeds;  
Christ, undiscerned by eye or ear,  
Still binds each heart that bleeds.†

\* "He hath given power and commandment to His ministers to declare and pronounce to His people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins."

† St. Augustine calls the tears of the penitent woman, "the blood of her heart."

## VIII. CHRIST OUR SYMPATHISER.

'Tis sweet indeed, amid our woes,  
To have the sympathy of those  
Whom God hath given our griefs to share,  
And lighten all our load of care.

But though, alone, we suffer here,  
Without an earthly friend to cheer,  
Yet is there One to sympathise,—  
To weep with us and hear our sighs.

The agonising cup He drained,  
And we the benefit have gained;  
For Christ a fellow-feeling bears  
With all our woes and griefs and cares.

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Gethsemane.

“Then saith He unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.”—*St. Matt.* xxvi. 38.

BROTHER, art thou hardly pressed,  
And thy spirit sore distressed?  
Is thy cup with anguish charged,  
The sorrows of thy heart enlarged?

Or some conflict full of pain  
Art thou called on to sustain,  
Till, perchance, this discipline  
Wellnigh tempt thee to repine?

Hear thy Saviour in that hour  
All His grief to Heaven outpour,  
Thrice repeat the earnest prayer,  
Sorrowful, bowed down with care:

“Father, if it cannot be  
That this cup do pass from Me,  
Thy beloved, anointed Son,—  
Not My will but Thine be done.”

Thus, with resignation bow  
'Neath the rod laid on thee now;  
E'en the most embittered lot  
To thy Saviour's woe is nought.

As an angel came to cheer  
Jesus in His conflict drear,  
So may grace and strength divine,  
With the Comforter, be thine.

*A Reflection for Good Friday.*

“Then said Jesus unto His disciples, If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me.”—*St. Matt. xvi. 24.*

CHRISTIAN, take up the cross,  
Nor mourn the loss  
Of all thy earthly things;  
For all that loss is gain—  
Love lulls the pain  
Which cross of Jesus brings.

Take up the cross each day;  
It is the way  
To lead a holy life,—  
To guide thy footsteps right,  
And give thee might  
To conquer in the strife.

Take up the cross, nor fear  
Thy weakness here:  
The burden thou dost bear,  
Itself shall give thee strength  
To win at length  
The object of thy prayer.

Take up the cross, and sin  
Shall die within ;

Deny thyself each vain  
Intent, nor think it hard  
Thyself to guard,  
Thy proud desires to rein.

Take up the cross, nor dare  
To leave it e'er ;  
Believe, thy heart requires  
To have its will suppressed,  
Ere it be blessed  
With glow of heavenly fires.

Take up the cross in faith,  
Nor hurt nor scathe  
Shall pass upon thy brow ;  
And surely that bright seal\*  
Shall fix thy weal  
If thou but "follow" now.

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**Easter.**

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above."—*Col.* iii. 1.

WHY, grovelling still in this drear soil,  
Spend days and nights in endless toil?

\* *Rev.* ix. 4, and xiv. 1.

Why vainly search for golden streams  
Which flow but in thy fevered dreams?

Earth's treasures prove as faithless friends,  
Betraying most who most depends;  
Earth's joys as fleeting shadows are—  
One moment here, then gone afar.

A better portion hath been given  
To sons of God and heirs of heaven:  
Eternal joys begun below,  
Increasing ever as they flow;

Treasures of peace and holy love,  
Communion with their Lord above,—  
Treasures which they alone can find  
Who leave this weary world behind.

Then give good heed, if "risen with Christ,"  
That thou by lust be not enticed;  
Though still on earth, yet live in heaven,  
Casting away all carnal leaven.

Nurture with care baptismal grace,  
All mark of "self" strive to efface;  
And rising thus with Christ each day,  
His image shalt thou wear alway.

*The Ascension of our Lord.*

“A little while, and ye shall not see Me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see Me, because I go to the Father.”—  
*St. John* xvi. 16.

THOU hast gone up to glory, ascended on high,  
The cloud hath received Thee, but still Thou art nigh,  
Our Monarch, our Master, our Shepherd, our Friend,  
To shield from disaster Thy Church to the end.

While blessing the chosen we see Thee depart,—  
How cherished this token of peace to the heart—  
As falleth the show'r on a dry thirsty land,  
As blooms an oasis in desert of sand.

Yet gaze we not upward in silent dismay,  
Nor deem it untoward that Thou art away,  
But strive in our duty and labour of love  
Before Thee as faithful ourselves to approve.

Since standest Thou now as our High Priest in heaven  
To plead night and day that man's sin be forgiven,  
To present all our prayers, each weak supplication  
Made strong and prevailing through Thy mediation.



And cometh the hour when all shall behold,  
Returning in glory and might to the fold,  
The First-born of Mary, the Ancient of Days,  
When the chosen shall hail Thee with anthems of  
praise.

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*Offertory.*

“And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began  
to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.”  
*Acts ii. 4.*

As doth the sovereign orb of day  
Disperse the haziness of morn,  
Or as the night-queen's lustrous ray  
Illumes eve's twilight hour in turn;

So, to th' expectant Church of yore,  
Doth festal Pentecost reveal  
The glories of celestial lore,  
Her lofty mission here to seal.

Meet emblem of the new-born power,  
The “rushing mighty wind” from heaven;  
Apt token the empyreal shower  
Of Christ's abiding presence given.

With boldness clad and conscious might,  
Joyous, the fire-baptised go forth

To reap the fields for harvest white  
And gather in the fruits of earth.

God grant each holy Whitsuntide  
Fresh show'rs of glory from the Throne,  
Fresh streams of comfort to the Bride,  
Fresh zeal to make His Gospel known ;

That to the end men's hearts may feel  
Christ, though departed 'yond the sky,  
Is with His Church to work her weal,  
And bless His chosen race for aye.

---

*Trinity Sunday.*

"If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater."—1 *John* v. 9.

THREE in One and One in Three,  
Ever-blessed Trinity ;  
Key-stone of the Church's creed,  
Transcendental mystery !

Three in One and One in Three,  
Who can tell how this may be ?  
Still, 'tis holy truth indeed—  
Truth from all eternity.

Though to human reason sealed,  
To the eye of faith revealed  
Clear as shineth yonder star,  
Far remote, yet brilliantly.

Threefold is the creature made,  
Threefold every verdant blade;  
Earth and water, light and air,  
Threefold in their unity.

Learn we hence that all around  
Countless marvels there abound,  
Far above the puny reach  
Of our fall'n humanity.\*

Worship, then, the Three in One,  
Father, Holy Ghost, and Son;  
Infinite, eternal each  
In undivided unity.†

\* "Now we see through a glass darkly."

† "Neither confounding the Persons, nor dividing the Substance."

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*The Ember Weeks.*

“And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away.”—*Acts* xiii. 3.

HERE, Lord, we fast and pray,  
We heave the fervent sigh,  
Looking each Ember-day  
To Thee the ever-nigh;  
Pour forth Thy blessing now  
On every chosen son  
Who takes a deathless vow  
The priestly course to run.

To all, on whom is laid  
The consecrating touch,  
Vouchsafe the Spirit's aid,  
Making them even such,  
As in her infancy,  
Thy Spouse received to speed  
Her holy husbandry  
And sow the Gospel seed.

Breathe to each longing heart  
The courage of the true,  
A lively grace impart,  
With holiness endue,

With wisdom and with might,  
Those who are separate  
To lead men to the fount of light,  
And at Thy shrine to serve and wait.

---

St. Stephen.

“A man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.”—*Acts vi. 5.*

THE beam of conscious innocence is on thy brow,  
An angel brightness aptly wearest thou;  
Shineth thy face  
With heavenly grace,  
Whilst thine accusers, lost in wonderment, behold  
The radiant lustre that thy looks unfold.

And now with heaven-imparted wisdom thou hast pled  
The cause for which thy Master's blood was shed,  
’Tis thine to view  
A glory new,—  
’Tis thine with high and holy rapture to receive  
What scarce thy dazzled senses can believe.

As some vast scroll the severing clouds are rolled away,  
Unto thy upward vision to display  
At God's right hand  
Thy Saviour stand;

Filled with the Holy Ghost, thou steadfastly dost gaze  
And drink fresh courage with those wondrous rays.

For hast thou not beheld the Son's approving smile,  
And His inviting welcome seen the while,  
    To nerve thy soul  
    Unto the goal,—  
With faith a thousandfold to fill thy heart,  
A blest assurance fully to impart?

Amid thy raging enemies I view thee now,  
A consecrated victim, meekly bow,  
    And breathing there  
    A fervent prayer  
For those who in thy blood their hands relentless steep,  
A holy martyr, gently fall asleep.

Methinks, those angry missiles hurled against thy breast  
Were but as downy pillows for thy rest,  
    Or showers of love  
    From Him above;  
To thee, the frantic discord of the furious throng  
Came sweetest lullaby of peaceful song.

Oh, may the fortitude that flowed within thy veins  
Exalt my soul above terrestrial pains,

And give me power,  
In every hour,  
My Lord and Master's gospel boldly to declare,  
Nor shrink the fiercest wrath of man to bear :

And may the spirit mingling with thy dying woe  
Be mine, to look with love on keenest foe,  
To banish strife  
From all my life,  
Pouring a sacred unction o'er my latest scene,  
That my last sleep, like thine, may be serene !

---

*St. John the Evangelist.*

"That disciple whom Jesus loved."—*St. John* xxi. 7.

HERALD of love ! how lovely thou,  
We read it in thy gentle brow ;  
Loving and loved, the favoured friend,  
Loving and faithful to the end.

Hoar grow thy locks in Patmos' isle,\*  
Exiled to that mysterious soil ;  
Yet is thy chosen theme the same—  
Love, linked inseparate with thy name.

\* In the Greek Church St. John is always represented as an old man.

E'en when thy form is bowed with age  
No other thoughts thy soul engage,  
And oft thy feeble voice is heard  
Repeating still this cherished word.

Methinks, that love hath wrought a charm  
To ward thee from vindictive harm ;  
The venom'd cup, the fiery bath,  
But prove how weak th' oppressor's wrath.

Time was, when thy untemper'd zeal  
Hath urg'd thee to a stern appeal ;\*  
But soon 'tis softened and suppress'd,  
And love outlives it in thy breast.

'Twere meet indeed thy latest hour  
Should close as doth some fragrant flower,  
Or as the reddened sun at eve  
Glides calmly to his ocean-grave.

And, in thy Master's bosom, thou  
Mayst lean for endless ages now ;  
Beloved on earth, beloved in heaven,  
With matchless glory to thee given.

\* St. Luke ix. 54.



May Heaven inflame this heart of mine,  
That all my converse be as thine;  
Eager for Christ, yet full of love,  
As serpent wise, harmless as dove.

As thou, beside the cross, may I  
Be found remaining ever nigh,  
So that perchance I live to sing  
With thee the praises of our King.

---

*The Holy Innocents.*

“Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.”—*St. Matt. ii. 18.*

THE tender shoots of infant spring  
Are blighted by the cruel frost;  
The dearest hope to which we cling  
Is ofttime destined to be crossed.

Oh, who can tell the aching void  
Within a mother's yearning heart,  
When she hath seen *her* hopes destroyed,  
Her dream of happiness depart,—

The babe she dandled on her knee,  
Its every action watched with care,

Wept with its tears, joyed in its glee,  
And, slumbering, guarded with her prayer?

Bereavèd mother, didst thou know  
From what thine innocent is ta'en—  
The load of care, the weight of woe,  
The weary trials, and the pain—

Methinks, thy mourning heart would praise  
The mercy showered from above,—  
The perfect wisdom of His ways  
Whose sceptre is a rod of love.

Yes, He who fondly blessed on earth  
The little ones before Him placed,  
One, spotless from the second-birth,  
Hath rescued from this desert waste.

And now, behold thy treasure dear—  
Though lost to thee beneath the sward—  
A lily passing fair appear  
Within the garden of the Lord!

## St. Andrew.

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."—*Rom. x. 9.*

THOU first-born of the apostolic choir,  
Prime pillar of the dawning Church,\*  
What spark of grace hath kindled thy desire,  
Inciting to so eager search?†

Blest impulse of a simple yearning heart,  
"Rabboni, where thy dwelling-place?"  
Blest zeal, that would the wondrous truth impart,  
And guide a brother to the fount of grace.‡

Forsake thy humble calling and thy craft!  
A higher, nobler work is thine;  
Hence thou must labour to secure a draught  
Of mortals from perdition's brine.

Yes, thou shalt bear the precious seeds of light  
To distant shores where darkness reigns,  
Dispersing in thy track the gloom of night,  
Refreshing all the traversed plains.

\* See Hesych. Presb. Hierosolym. apud Phot., as quoted  
in Cave's *Lives of the Apostles*.

† St. John i. 35-40.

‡ St. John i. 41, 42.

Nor did thy early promise bud for nought,  
No frowning terrors daunt thy zeal;  
Full many a land thy lips the truth have taught,  
Of thy apostleship the seal.

Nor fearedst thou to linger on the tree,  
To claim it as thy chief desire,\*—  
Hang on the cross thy Master decked for thee,  
And telling forth His love, expire.

The holy martyr's crown at length is thine,  
Thy tortures and thy toils have ceased;  
Thy faithful spirit, purified, doth shine,  
From sin and sorrow's load released.

\* It is related of St. Andrew that, being led to execution, when he came within sight of the cross, he saluted it with this kind of address: "that he had long desired and expected this happy hour; that the cross had been consecrated by the body of Christ hanging on it, and adorned with His members as with so many inestimable jewels; that he came joyful and triumphing to it, that it might receive him as a disciple and follower of Him who once hung upon it, and be the means to carry him safe unto his Master, having been the instrument upon which his Master had redeemed him." Having prayed, and exhorted the people to constancy and perseverance in that religion which he had delivered to them, he was fastened to the cross, whereon he hung two days, teaching and instructing the people all the time.—See Cave's *Lives of the Apostles*.

---

Oh, may we know no moment of delay  
Our Lord and Master's word to hear;  
May Heaven inspire our courage to obey,  
And vanquish every fleshly fear.

And let us learn through life to follow thee,  
As thou hast followed Christ the Head,  
That we with joy our Maker's face may see,  
Awakened with the saintly dead.\*

---

Conversion of St. Paul.

"The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not."—*St. John* i. 5.

THOU, my soul, in heathen darkness—  
Worse than heathen darkness lay;†  
Shades of night had fallen o'er thee,  
Realm where Satan held his sway.

Blind and naked thou didst wander,  
Groping 'mid the noon-day sun;  
Fancied pleasures quickly grasping,  
Seeking rest, but finding none.

\* "Blessed is he who hath part in the first resurrection."

† "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

All around the light was shining,  
Light of life and liberty,—  
Once within thee, too, implanted,  
Quenched by thy perversity.

\* \* \* \* \*

O my soul, what sudden terror,  
What emotion sways this breast?  
Hath some ray of passing splendour  
Shewn thee thou art sorely prest?

Shewn what dangers hover o'er thee,  
And the twofold gloom within?  
Shewn thee death and hell expecting,  
Shewn the awful guilt of sin?

'Tis the Saviour's love arresting  
One who early learnt to roam,  
And though long, perchance, rebellious,  
Urging to reseek his home.

Yes, thy vision slowly opens—  
Thou canst see, though dim the light;  
As of eld, when at Bethsaida  
He restored the blind man's sight.\*

\* St. Mark viii. 22-25.

Soon the morning sun shall cheer thee,  
Then meridian beams shall shine ;  
Soon recovered thou shalt revel  
In the light of life divine.

Faith shall give thee holy courage,  
Hope shall bid thy doubtings cease ;  
Perfect love dismiss all terror—  
Love, the fount of endless peace.

---

**St. Matthias.**

“The lot is cast into the lap ; but the whole disposing thereof  
is of the Lord.”—*Proverbs* xvi. 33.

ETERNAL Head and Guardian of the Church !  
As in her saddened infancy Thou didst  
Vouchsafe to choose Matthias as a priest  
And pastor to the flock, direct, we pray,  
The lot of all who at Thine altar serve :  
And oh, defend Thy spouse from faithless guides.  
On those who in her courts are raised to rule,  
And Thy most holy gifts dispense—the links  
Of that unbroken chain commenced by Thee—  
Confer thou courage high, and grace to keep

Their hearts from pride and worldly pomp and state.  
 But, meek as Thou wast meek, may they be clad  
 With searching wisdom, truth, and holiness ;  
 That all Thy people may be led in peace,  
 And taught the word of life, till Thou shalt come,  
 Good Shepherd, King divine, to take Thy Bride  
 Pure to her royal home, the new Jerusalem.

---

*The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.*

"Ask thee a sign of the Lord thy God: ask it either in the  
 depth, or in the height above."—*Isaiah* vii. 11.

"HAIL, highly favoured one, all hail!  
     Jehovah bides with thee;  
 Thou blest of woman-kind, all hail!  
     Thrice blest in thy degree."

Thus spake the heavenly visitant,—  
 And trembling all the lowly maid,  
 In terror mute, with wondering gaze surveyed  
     The holy form, irradiant  
 With beauty of no earthly mould,  
 Beaming his eye with gladness yet untold.



“Fear not, pure Virgin, fear thou not,”  
So ran the startling tale,  
“Favour with Heaven hath been thy lot ;  
Hail, Virgin pure, all hail !

Thou shalt conceive and bear a Son  
Of high and mighty fame,—  
A holy, heaven-begotten One,  
Jesus thy first-born’s name.

Great shall He live, and greater die,  
From sin to save His race ;  
Immanuel, Child of the Most High,  
Replete with kingly grace.

The Holy Ghost shall come on thee ;  
In that mysterious hour  
O’ershadowed truly shalt thou be  
By His almighty power.

And so that holy Fruit of thine  
Shall prove the Son of God,  
A stem unblemished, pure, divine,  
Of Jesse fragrant rod.”\*

\* Isaiah xi. 1.

Such tidings of great joy made known,  
Outspread his shining wings, once more  
To highest heaven with rapturous flight to soar,  
Gabriel departs ; and, all alone,  
The Galilean Virgin speeds to bear  
Her heart's o'erflowing to a kindred pair.\*

So we, when Jesus' name we hear,  
And Jesus' love inflames the heart,  
To kindred spirit hasten to impart  
The secret joy, expelling fear,  
Or breathe to a loved friend each thought  
The gospel of God's grace anew hath brought.

O virgin mother of our King!  
Though blessèd be thy name alway,  
To thee no royal honours dare we pay—  
To thee no votive incense bring ;  
And e'en, methinks, thy soul must grieve  
Such sinful homage ever to receive.

But He, who hung upon thy breast,  
Whose form thy love hath oft caressed,  
May He within each bosom deign to rest ;  
That, with His presence richly blest,

\* St. Luke i. 39, 40.

We may, like thee, with Jesu bide—  
Like thee, be ever found by Jesus' side.

---

**St. Mark.\***

“Holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience.”

1 Tim. iii. 9.

STABLISH our hearts, O Lord, confirm therein  
The living truths of evangelic lore,  
Writ for our weal by men inspired of yore.  
May never vain delusions lure and win  
Our souls from Thee, nor in such toils of sin  
Let us be snared. But keep we evermore  
The rule of faith, walking Thy face before  
In godly unity Thy Church within;  
Lest, tossèd to and fro with every wind  
Of false belief that the unstable mind  
Of men undisciplined may raise, we drift  
From the sure anchor of the soul, Thy word;  
And, lightly deeming of thy sacred gift,  
Shipwreck our faith, as some past hope have erred.†

\* See the Collect for the day.

† 1 Tim. i. 19.

*St. James the Apostle.*

“ And he killed James, the brother of John, with the sword.”

*Acts xii. 2.*

Of the elected Twelve,  
First gathered to thy rest ;  
Viewing thy early doom,  
We count thee doubly blest.

Not thine the high estate  
Th' untutored heart would crave ;  
Not thine the visioned pomp  
On hither side the grave ;

Nor thine an earthly throne,  
Or kingdom to acquire,  
More honoured than thy peers,—  
A mother's fond desire.\*

Heaven's favours are not thus  
With partial hand bestowed ;  
But we shall reap the gain,  
As we have borne the load.

God's mercy will not grant  
The vain ambitious prayer,

\* St. Matt. xx. 20, 21.

Else, ofttime 'twere our lot  
A self-sought woe to bear.

Hence was it thine to learn,  
When surer light had shone,  
That by the cross and pain  
Heaven's honours must be won.

'Twas thine the first to share  
Thy Lord's baptismal woes,  
To drink the bitter cup  
Charged with expiring throes.\*

'Twas thine the first to feel  
The sacrificial knife,  
And in thy Master's cause  
To offer up thy life.

'Twas thine the first to gain  
The Saviour's promised prize,—  
The fadeless crown to wear,  
His truth to realise.

Oh, may we learn like thee,  
Forsaking earthly ties,†

\* St. Matt. xx. 22, 23.

† St. Matt. iv. 21, 22.

To yield our hearts to Him  
Who dwells beyond the skies ;

To tell His praise abroad  
With bold untiring zeal,  
The fulness of His love  
Within our souls to feel.

And may we never fear  
Dread persecution's sword,  
But even to the death  
Proclaim His holy word.

---

*St. Matthew.*

“ Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not ? ”

*Prov. xxiii. 5.*

WHAT is this world of sense and sight at best,  
Its brightest treasures or its revelry ?  
Aught there of lasting vantage can we see ?  
Or aught whereby to count us truly blest,  
To give the mourner joy, or weary rest ?  
One refuge have we found, one hope, or plea,  
To which with confidence the heart may flee  
In time of need, by care or doubt oppress ?

Nay, 'tis in vain we look 'mid fleeting things  
For solid happiness or peace of mind!  
Then, haste we to forsake our passions blind,  
The mammon-love to which the earth-worm clings,  
And seek the "one thing needful" to obtain,—  
The matchless "pearl of price," eternal gain.

---

*St. Michael and all Angels.*

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister  
for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"—*Heb. i. 14.*

AROUND the Throne they stand!  
God's willing ministers,  
Obeying His command,  
And ready aye, on wings of wind,  
Afar to bear the dictates of His mind.

Around the Throne they bow!  
Filled with devotion pure,  
Veiling their faces now,  
As at His feet they fall, to kiss  
The mercy-seat, the fountain of their bliss.

Around the Throne they fly!  
On pinions of delight,  
Blessing the God on high

With ceaseless song of holy praise—  
That happy throng, chanting melodious lays.

Such their exalted task,  
As in the quenchless rays  
Of heavenly love they bask ;  
No curse of sin impends to spoil  
The peace within, or make their task a toil.

'Tis sweet enjoyment there  
To serve Him they adore,  
And do His pleasure e'er,—  
A hallowed host, replete with joy,  
Freedom their boast—freedom without alloy.\*

No happier task have they  
Than watching o'er, with care,  
This earth by night and day :  
Unseen by man, they hover round  
This little span, blessing the teeming ground.

Felicitous the hour  
When Gabriel first forsook  
His pure ethereal bower,  
Bearing the tale of rescue nigh  
To every vale and plain and mountain high.

\* " His service is perfect freedom."



When, erst, he sought with speed  
A lowly virgin form,  
Familiar with her need  
Of heavenly grace, but dreaming not  
The high embrace that soon shall be her lot.

'Twas joy, but half suppressed,  
Till all that shining throng  
To Bethle'm's shepherds haste,  
The wondrous story to reveal,  
Their praise and glory in full choir to peal.

'Twas joy indeed, to sing  
Of "Peace on earth, good will;"  
The blessed news to bring  
To fallen man, once pure as they,  
And tell the plan that wipes their sin away.

Around the lowly cot  
Where lay the holy Child—  
Around that sacred spot  
Their watch they kept, and hovered near,  
While peaceful slept the Babe, and knew no fear.

When in the wilderness  
He fasted sore and prayed,  
Alone and comfortless;

Then did they raise some soothing strain  
Of grateful praise to charm away His pain.

When sweat as drops of blood  
Fell from the Saviour's brow,  
That agonising flood  
An angel dear hath come to stay,  
Striving to cheer His heart, His grief allay.

And, watching in the tomb,  
There sat a shining pair,  
When He had left the gloom  
Again to tread the ransomed earth,  
For which He bled and poured His spirit forth.

Oh, what a countless throng  
Receive Him from the mount,  
Hymning their joyous song  
To hail their King, rising on high—  
On, on they sing through all the realms of sky.

Blessèd, thrice-blessèd thought!  
That angels can rejoice  
With those whom Jesus bought;  
And welcome home each erring sheep  
That learned to roam, with gladness tenfold deep;

That nightly o'er our bed,  
When locked in slumber sweet,  
And round the path we tread  
They keep their guardian vigils soft,  
Bearing each prayer and earnest sigh aloft.

Perchance, with spirits freed  
They mingle in their care  
Of all the holy seed ;\*  
And hov'ring near, they gently breathe  
Their love in air to those who love beneath.

Oh, may I ever feel  
These heavenly guardians nigh,  
Regardful of my weal ;  
May I so live to cause them joy,  
Nor sorrow give their gladness to alloy.

And, in the hour of death,  
Send them, O God, to cheer,—  
To waft my latest breath  
To Thee alone, that with them e'er  
Around Thy throne, I may Thy praise declare.

\* “ With the spirits of the just made perfect—with the spirits perhaps of those we loved and honoured in this lower world—they mourn when we faint in our course, they rejoice when we run it with patience.”—JAMES *on the Collects*, in loc.

**St. Luke the Evangelist.**

“Who healeth all thine infirmities.”—*Psalm ciii.* 3.

THOU great Physician of the soul,  
Who seest all our need,  
Thy power can make the wounded whole,  
And raise to life the dead.

The heart's disease Thou knowest well,  
How deep soe'er it be;  
The fittest medicine Thou canst tell  
To cure our malady.

The wholesome draught withhold not, then,  
Though bitter it appear;  
Eradicate the treacherous sin  
Which most besets us here.

Apply it freely, Lord of love,  
Whate'er the trial cost;  
Shall present joy a blessing prove,  
If future bliss be lost?

With meek submission give us grace  
To bear the keenest smart,  
And sanctify it to efface  
Each idol from the heart.

## St. Simon and St. Jude.

"In whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of  
God through the Spirit."—*Eph.* ii. 22.

THE heavenly temple firmly stands,  
Jesus the corner-stone,—  
The house not made with earthly hands,  
Prepared by God alone.

Built on the Rock of truth divine,  
With its foundations proved,\*  
The powers of hell in vain combine,—  
It never can be moved.

Each in our place as "lively stones,"†  
Each chosen, fitly framed;  
When Christ our holy union owns,  
What power shall make ashamed?

Grant, Lord, Thy grace may keep us safe  
Within Thy body blest;  
That while strife's billows roar and chafe,  
Firm on the Rock we rest.

\* *Eph.* ii. 20.

† 1 *Pet.* ii. 5.

And thus our spirits, closely knit  
In one eternal bond,  
May by the lamp of faith be lit  
To brighter realms beyond.

---

All Saints.\*

“Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours.”—*Rev.* xiv. 13.†

THRICE-happy and thrice-blest  
They who the race have run,  
They who have fought and won,  
And found their rest;

They who have reached the shore  
Of high and holy peace  
That ne’er shall pall nor cease,  
But bless them more.

’Tis not the highest joy,  
But antepast of bliss  
They know they cannot miss,  
And none destroy;

\* This piece is extracted from the author’s former work.

† As rendered in “the Order for the Burial of the Dead.”

For now their souls are pure ;  
And, while the body sleeps,  
Jesus the spirit keeps  
For aye secure.

In Abra'm's bosom lie  
These saintly ones, and share  
The wondrous glory there,  
That draweth nigh.

All, all is o'er and past  
Of pain, and strife, and fear ;  
No breath of sin is near,  
No curse to blast.

There is the martyr brave,  
And there the aged seer ;  
There too the saint austere,  
And father grave.

The holy maid is there ;  
And many a little child  
Whom Satan ne'er defiled,  
And matron fair.

And, oh ! how sweet the thought,  
That those we loved while here,

And now seem doubly dear,  
Can suffer nought:

That, though their life hath fled,  
Yet are they ever nigh,  
Bound by a sacred tie,  
To Christ the Head:

That with the Church above,  
The Church on earth unite  
In many a mystic rite  
Of sacred love.

Then, let us follow those—  
Those who have gone before  
Unto the peaceful shore  
Of blest repose.

Nor let us dread the strife  
That we must wage with sin,  
For we, like these, shall win  
An endless life;

And with that white-robed throng  
Of every age and clime,  
In ecstasy sublime  
We'll join the song—



The song of praise and might  
Unto the Lamb for e'er,  
Who sits triumphant there,  
Enthroned in light.

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## E U C H A R I S T I C A.

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### *The Lord's Prayer.*

“ And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.”—*Gal.* iv. 6.

As doth a mother teach her babe to pray,  
So hath thy tender care, good Shepherd, taught  
The little flock Thy precious blood hath bought,  
When praying to their Father, what to say.  
O blessèd boon! that sinful mortals may  
Thine own most holy words employ, and aught  
They need thus from the Infinite be sought.  
With heart devout and fervent mind away,  
This sacred form grant that our lips repeat:  
Or in the closet, or the sanctuary,  
In spirit and in truth may we draw near  
To breathe these supplications forth to Thee,  
O Lord; and graciously incline Thine ear  
Whene'er, in faith, we seek the mercy-seat.

**The Ten Commandments.**

"Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled."—*St. Matt.* v. 18.

FROM Sinai's height with awful terror pealed  
 The thunders of Thy law, Ruler of all;  
 And well it might the stoutest heart appal,  
 From out the cloud to hear Thy voice revealed,  
 And see Thine arm its flaming weapons wield.  
 But though, in truth, in gentler accents fall  
 Upon the ear the Gospel's thrilling call—  
 The former covenant of death repealed—  
 Yet stands the decalogue Thy firm decree.  
 Grace to fulfil its high commands impart,  
 And on the living tables of the heart  
 Engrave them deep. Oh, hear Thy servants now  
 Their "Kyrie eleison" raise! behold them bow  
 Before Thy lofty Throne the suppliant knee,  
 And grant the bliss of freely serving Thee!\*

---

**The Creed.**

"Hold fast the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me, in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus."—*2 Tim.* i. 13.

LORD, I believe—help Thou mine unbelief—  
 These doctrines handed down from age to age,

\* "Whose service is *perfect freedom*."

And early gathered from the sacred page  
With pious care, as 'twere a garnered sheaf  
Of golden ears for needy man's relief.  
Preserve the watchword e'er, else shall we wage  
A bootless strife with them that madly rage  
Against our Zion and our Zion's Chief,—  
Else shall we vainly seek the ark to steer  
Amid the thousand shoals and reefs around,  
And foaming billows that at hand appear,  
Ready to overwhelm the leal and sound.  
Preserve it e'er—faith's ancient landmark here,  
And in the "good old paths" let us be found.

---

*The Sermon.*

"But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only."

*St. James i. 22.*

FREELY the seed is cast,—  
God grant on fruitful ground  
It fall; so that, through grace, at last  
Increase most plenteous in all be found.

Where'er the soil is hard,  
Or shallow and unkind,  
Or where there spring up, to retard  
Its growth, a host of thorns and briers combined,

Shed forth Thy heavenly dew,  
O Lord, to fertilise;  
Lost warmth and vigour to renew,  
And mature the verdant blades that rise.

The strangling weeds of care,  
Or worldly mirth and pelf,  
Of these the heart make bare,  
That it have strength to rear the grain itself.

Implant the hearing ear,  
Create the seeing eye,\*  
To make the holy lessons clear  
Taught by the preacher missioned from on high.

---

*The Offertory.*

"The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth  
shall be watered also himself."—*Prov. xi. 25.*

As Thou, O God, hast given to me,  
Incline my heart to give to Thee;  
Joyful with those in need to share  
The tokens of Thy bounteous care.

\* *Prov. xx. 12.*

Pardon each vain expense of mine,  
For oft I've wasted what is Thine;  
Make me more careful how I spend  
The substance Thou dost kindly lend.

And my imperfect alms, I pray,  
For Jesus' sake accept alway:  
Oh, may I truly grateful prove  
For every instance of Thy love!

---

**The Prayer for the Church Militant.**

"I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving thanks be made for all men."—1 Tim. ii. 1.

MANY the branches, one the vine,—  
As joints and limbs the body make,  
As divers streams unite in fine  
Their waters in a spacious lake.

Our faith is one, and one our call,  
One Baptism, one Eucharist,  
One God and Father of us all,  
In and through whom we each subsist.\*

\* Eph. iv. 4-6.

An army vast, with sword and shield  
And helm, a holy war we wage;  
Our captain Christ, this world the field,  
Countless the legions we engage.

Uphold us, then, Almighty King—  
For all the militant we pray—  
That we at length in triumph sing  
Before Thy throne the heavenly lay.

Feed every mouth with bread divine,  
The body to sustain in peace;  
Refresh us with the mystic wine,  
Thy meed of grace and gifts increase.

Unite us, Lord, in heart and mind  
Thee to adore and serve with might,  
That, in one phalanx true combined,  
Error's dark hosts be put to flight.

---

**The Exhortation.**

"I will wash mine hands in innocency: so will I compass  
thine altar, O Lord."—*Psalm xxvi.* 6.

O ΘΕΟΥ, whose boundless love  
Did institute this rite,

.

Wherein with saints above  
The militant unite

Thy mercy to extol,  
And Thy redeeming grace  
Loosing from Satan's thrall  
A fallen, outcast race,—

Accept my meed of praise  
For this Thy precious boon,  
And grant, throughout my days  
My gratitude be shewn.

In faith may I draw near,  
In lowliness of mind,  
With penitence sincere,  
In love with all mankind:—

That tasting, I may see  
The goodness of the Lord,  
Who doth to worms like me  
Celestial food afford.

---



*The Invitation.*

“Whoso eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath eternal life.”—*St. John vi. 54.*

GLORY to Thee, my gracious Lord,  
That Thy great mercy doth afford  
A fresh approach to Thine own feast,  
To have my feeble faith increased.

May every germ of grace within  
My heart—too procreant of sin—  
Be nurtured by renewed supplies  
Of fertile showers from the skies.

Wash me in that unfailing flood,  
The fountain of Immanuel's blood ;  
And grant I may pollute no more  
The soul thus cleansed Thy Throne before ;

But strive to purify it still,  
To mould it to Thy holy will,  
That here Thou may'st reside in me,  
And I in heaven abide with Thee.

---

*The Confession.*

“ I said, I will confess my transgressions unto Thee ; and Thou  
forgavest the iniquity of my sin.”—*Psalms xxxii. 5.*

THESE confessions, Lord, accept ;  
'Neath our burden we have wept,  
Anguish o'er our souls hath crept.

We have sinned in deed and word,  
Grievously our minds have erred,  
And the paths of death preferred.

Earnestly our hearts repent  
Every idle moment spent,  
Every hour on evil bent.

From Thy wrath and judgments sore,  
Oft provokèd, we implore  
Thee to spare us evermore.

This our humble prayer we make ;  
Lord, compassion on us take,  
And forgive for Jesus' sake.

*The Absolution.\**

“And when He had said this, He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.”—*St. John* **xx.** 22, 23.

SEAL it, almighty King, in heaven,  
This sentence that the Church hath given!  
May each repentant sinner here  
Absolvèd in Thy sight appear.

'Tis Thou alone forgivest sin,  
And none but Thou can make us clean;  
Yet, dost the streams of grace impart  
Through earthly channels to the heart.

Hence, to the apostolic seed  
A sacred gift Thou hast decreed,  
To loose and bind,† remit, retain,  
Till Thou to earth shalt come again.

\* “If we would choose to believe rather than dispute, it would be a powerful cordial to every troubled spirit, by a particular officer from the kingdom of heaven, to be thus saluted. . . . . Your only care is, that your repentance be such as your minister believes it to be, and then this absolution shall certainly be confirmed in the high court of heaven, and not one word thereof shall fall to the ground.”—DEAN COMBER.

† *St. Matt.* **xvi.** 19.

Ye weary souls, receive it then —  
This embassy from God to men !  
And, strengthened by the cheering thought,  
Accept the pardon ye have sought.

---

*The Anthem.*

“ And they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy,  
Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.”—  
*Rev. iv. 8.*

WITH angel and archangel,  
And all the host of heaven,  
O Lord, for Thine Evangel  
To fallen mortals given,

We magnify, extol Thee,  
And laud Thy glorious name,  
Thou God of hosts thrice holy,  
And evermore the same.

Both heaven and earth are teeming  
With glory from Thy Throne ;  
Unnumbered choirs are hymning  
Anthems to Thee alone,—

To Thee, Almighty Father,  
To Thee, Incarnate Son,  
And Thee, O Sanctifier,  
Eternal Three in One!

---

**The Prayer of Consecration.**

“The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?”—1 *Cor.* x. 16.

O THOU, whose creatures are this bread and wine,  
And Thou, O Virgin-born, the Word divine,  
Thou too who movedst o’er the watery brine,\*

Vouchsafe to bless and sanctify, we pray,  
These gifts of heaven, that all the faithful may  
Receive the very Bread of Life this day!

Oh, be Thou present with us, though unseen,  
Thou crucified, as Thou hast ever been,  
To give—most blessed gift—Thyself herein;

\* Genesis i. 2.

And make us meet with joy to feast on Thee,\*  
Thy grace to find, Thy wondrous love to see,  
And banquet thus through all eternity.

---

*Prayers before Receiving.*

I.

O THOU my soul, seek not to pry  
Too deep into this mystery;  
Nor doubt but that in very deed  
On Christ thy Saviour thou dost feed.

'Tis past the verge of human ken,  
How He communicates to men  
His flesh and blood, to give them life  
And courage for the daily strife.

Yet, 'tis revealed that we, by faith,  
Are made partakers in His death,—  
Then, thus assured, I take and eat  
This token from the mercy-seat.

\* "The Body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten in the Supper only after a heavenly and spiritual manner. And the mean whereby the Body of Christ is received and eaten in the Supper is Faith."—28th Article.

## II.

ETERNAL Priest! who art on high,  
Transcendent in Thy majesty,  
But dost in loving-kindness deign  
To send Thy gifts to earth again,\*—

Fill Thou my heart with blessings rare,  
As now Thy Church with pious care  
Doth fill my mouth with holy things,  
By Thine appointment, King of kings.

O blessed Spirit, give Thy aid,  
That I may worthily be made  
To drink this cup, and drink it new  
Within my Father's kingdom too.†

---

**Prayers after Receiving.**

## I.

JESU, glory be to Thee,  
Who hath fed and nourished me  
At Thy table, here outspread,  
With the mystic wine and bread.

\* Psalm lxviii. 18.

† St. Matt. xxvi. 29. See Hammond *in loc.*

May this heavenly food impart  
Grace and virtue to the heart ;  
With new life transfuse my soul,  
Make this sin-sick spirit whole,—

That my faith and hope and love  
May with every hour improve ;  
My desires more humble growing,  
And contrition deeper flowing ;

Serving Thee with pure delight,  
Praising Thee by day and night,  
Fearful less and fervent more,  
Hence, than ever heretofore.

## II.

LORD, I my vows have now renewed ;  
With wisdom may I be endued,  
With grace divine to lead my will  
Each vow and promise to fulfil.

How oft my purposes have failed,  
When by the fiery dart assailed ;  
As melt the snows 'neath summer's ray,  
My good resolves have passed away.



So frail, alas, and feeble I !  
But, Jesu, hear the suppliant sigh,  
And grant that through this holy rite  
My weakness may be turned to might.

For all, these blessings too I ask,  
That all be strengthened to their task ;  
Sinners convert, support the weak,  
The fallen raise, maintain the meek.

To sick and sad, to high and low,  
May grace in rich effusion flow :  
Rulers and ruled, shepherd and sheep,  
In peace and holy union keep.

For those unto the heart most near,  
Wife, parent, child, and brethren dear,  
Loved friend and sland'rous enemy,  
Through Thine own blood, I plead with Thee.

*The Doxology.*

"And the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."—*Rev. v. 11, 12.*

"GLORY be to God on high!"  
In the ceaseless melody  
Seraphim and saints in light,  
With the Church below, unite.

"Peace on earth!" The Lamb of God  
Once our plains and valleys trod;  
Praise Him in the height above,  
Magnify His boundless love.

"Good will to men!" The blood of Christ  
For a ransom hath sufficed:  
Mortals, shout aloud for joy,—  
Sin and death He will destroy.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord!  
Chant we praise with one accord;  
Heaven and earth in rapture sing  
Loud hosannas to their King.

*The Blessing.*

"Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you."—*St. John* xiv. 27.

THESE words of blessing may we realise,—  
 This gift surpassing all the pow'rs of mind,  
 Yet, infinitely sweet, though undefined.  
 And grant hereafter we may better prize  
 The sacred boon, which fools alone despise.  
 As perfume or soft music on the wind,  
 The "Peace of God" may we thus soothing find,  
 Breathing a calm when angry passions rise;  
 Or when rebellious doubt and groundless fear  
 Would stir unholy thought and toil within,  
 Then, may this messenger of love appear  
 To still the billows of perturbing sin,  
 And lead us onward in obedience here,  
 Till Faith her promised recompense shall win.

---

*Help Communion.*

"For by one Spirit are we all baptised into one body . . .  
 . . . and have been all made to drink into one Spirit."—  
*1 Cor.* xii. 13.

Now, we the blessed feast of love have shared,  
 The living members with the living Head;\*

\* *St. John* xv. 5, 6.

A sweet communion by our King prepared,  
To knit the bond for which His blood was shed.

Oh, let us closer draw the sacred cord  
That doth the brotherhood unite ;  
Let not the sound of strife or angry word  
The heavenly beauty of our Zion blight.

As all the varied flowers around us strewed  
Their countless odours blend in grateful praise,—  
As do the myriad songsters of the wood  
A mingled anthem to their Maker raise ;

So strive we, in our various spheres, to pour  
Harmonious melodies and fragrant streams  
Of love and peace Jehovah's throne before,  
As brethren of one Household it beseems.

---

**We all are One.**

“The rich and poor meet together ; the Lord is the Maker  
of them all.”—*Prov.* xxii. 2.

IN Adam's loins, in Eva's womb,  
In deed of sin, in sinner's doom,  
We all are one.

In Jesus' love, in Jesus' blood,  
In the regenerating flood,  
We all are one.

In holy church, at common prayer,  
Or when God's mysteries we share,  
We all are one.

In hour of death, in judgment-day,  
When earthly things shall pass away,  
We all are one.

The rich, the poor, the high and low,  
In many a joy and many a wo  
We all are one.

Then let us live as brethren dear,  
Nor pride nor envy move us here,  
Since we are one.

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## MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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### *The Noble Army of Martyrs.*

“And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held.”—*Rev.* vi. 9.

How are these so full of joy,  
Whom their foes would fain destroy?  
Why, when painful deaths await,  
Seem they eager for their fate?

Ne'er a terror doth assail,  
Never torture makes them quail;  
But exulting they appear,  
When the final doom they hear!

Mark it well, that visage beaming,  
With unearthly courage gleaming;  
Doth its calmness not declare  
Heavenly peace is resting there?

Yes! they are a glorious band  
Speeding to the promised land;  
Faith, and hope, and love refreshing,  
Arm them to attain the blessing.

Lo, methinks these fetters are  
Ornaments and jewels fair,  
Decking, as a lovely bride,  
Those whom all around deride;

And they haste their Lord to meet,  
Redolent with odour sweet,  
Washed, anointed, nuptial-clad,  
Filled with grace, exceeding glad.

'Twould the stoutest heart appal,  
For one moment to recall  
Each convulsive agony,  
Ere death's hand hath set them free.

How they've suffered day by day  
Torments varied every way;  
Rack and scourge repeated oft,\*  
Cruel stocks and venom'd draught.

\* Many of the early martyrs were again and again brought forth, and thus underwent the most excruciatingly protracted

Neither fathers hoar with age,  
Nor the stripling 'scape their rage;  
Trembling matrons sere through time,  
Nor the maiden in her prime.

Now, they drag their mangled frames  
To the scaffold or the flames;  
Now, by some fierce hungry beast  
Is the noble soul released.

Yea, they weave a gorgeous crown  
Of unparalleled renown!  
Each a bright unsullied gem  
In Immanuel's diadem.

Nought but His almighty power  
Could sustain them in that hour;  
Nought but comfort from above  
Could invest them with such love;

Thus the torture to endure,  
And preserve their honour pure;  
Without a murmur or a sigh,  
Thus to suffer, thus to die.

tortures ere they were finally despatched. See Eusebius'  
*Eccles. Hist.* book v. chap. 1.



Let us, then, fresh courage take,  
Follow gladly in their wake;  
He that manned the martyrs' heart,  
Grace and strength will still impart.

---

**Lights and Shadows.**

"Be strong and of a good courage, fear not; for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee; He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."—*Deut.* xxxi. 6.

LIFE is fleeting as a river,  
Soon to merge its stream for ever  
In the boundless ocean-tide.

First a brooklet from the fountain,  
Then a torrent down the mountain,  
By and by both deep and wide.

Now with sunbeams gaily sparkling,  
Now again the flood is darkling,  
Swoll'n and troubled in its flow.

Chequered thus our days and fitful,  
Lest our hearts should prove forgetful  
That we're strangers here below;

Pilgrims to another country,  
Life the passage, death the entry,  
Prayer our staff, and faith our guide.

Speed we on, and know not slackness,  
Through the sunshine, through the blackness,—  
Speed we on whate'er betide.

With love's banner floating o'er us,  
And eternal joy before us,  
Who or what shall make afraid?

Christ e'er present to deliver,  
He, of every good the Giver,  
Can we look in vain for aid?

---

Providential Dealings.

“For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your  
ways my ways, saith the Lord.”—*Isaiah* lv. 8.

How marvellous, how various,  
How hidden, deep, mysterious,  
God's dealings are with men!

Who can search out the Providence  
Of his all-wise omnipotence,—  
His wonder-workings ken?

The hopes on which we fondly built,  
The future scenes wherein we dwelt,  
Are blighted in an hour.

The dream of life we wake to find  
Dispersed, as foliage by the wind,—  
Gone, as the evening flower.

As father Abr'am was required  
To slay the child so long desired—  
The son of promise born.

As righteous Job perceived, of eld,  
Life's pleasures one by one dispelled,  
Of all, save being, shorn.

But learn we truly to depend  
On Him who doth such sorrows send  
In mercy and in love;

And though the cloud seem charged with wo,  
Ready to overwhelm us in its flow,  
Yet look beyond, above.

The sun is shining still as bright  
As when He said, "Let there be light,"  
And blissful light arose.

---

Like Abr'am and like holy Job,  
God will sustain us, though He probe  
The heart with many woes.

Seek we for meekness, then, and grace  
To run with patience in the race,  
Whose goal is endless joy;—

Joy mingled not, as now, with tears,  
And marred with cares and doubts and fears,  
But pure, without alloy.

---

**Our Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer.\***

“JEHOVAH reigns! Rejoice, ye sons of men!”  
In heaven above, on earth below, from pole  
To pole, and zone to zone, His power is felt.  
There's not a spot in this vast universe,  
Where distant planets roll their fiery orbs,  
Where myriad stars, where sun and moon shine forth,  
But He surveys, and marks for some wise end.  
All have their use, each their appointed task,  
As He ordained, when, with creative word,  
He bade them go, His ready ministers:

\* Suggested by the Collect for the 2d Sunday after the Epiphany.

The sun to rule the day, the argent moon  
To cheer the gloom of night, the lucent stars  
To decorate the glorious firmament,—  
All to declare His wisdom and His might.  
And each, perchance, a world within itself,  
With field and forest, streamlet, hill, and dale ;  
With beauteous flowers, and songsters sweet and gay,  
And habitants as wonderful \* as we,  
All made and governed by the Infinite.—  
“Jehovah reigns!” But why should man rejoice?  
Can He who guides these giant rolling spheres  
Descend to view this lower ball, or deign  
To look on such a very worm as I?  
I, who am nothing in His sight, but yet  
Have dared to spurn His just and high decree?  
I, who have worn the filthy garb of sin,  
And drawn it round, as if it could adorn,  
Or lend some beauty to my loathsome form?  
I, who have swelled with pride, and vainly thought  
To scorn the Pow'r that, with a single breath,  
Could blast or crush me like the tender moth?  
“Jehovah reigns!” And thou may'st well rejoice ;  
For He who rules with native majesty,  
And bids the sun and moon and stars obey,  
He e'er surveys from His exalted throne  
This little earth with more than Monarch's eye :

\* “I am fearfully and wonderfully made.”

And though with perfect justice, yet with love  
 He looks upon the orb He whilom cursed.  
 Then, as for thee, though froward, He forgives,  
 And says thee, "Turn, repent, believe, and live."  
 Yes, thou art precious in His sight; He loves  
 Thee more than thou thyself. The smallest bird  
 That falleth to the ground, by icy death o'ercome,  
 Is to thy heavenly Father surely known;  
 And shall He not regard thy life, thy frame,  
 Which hath a nobler spark within than He  
 To bird or beast hath given—immortal soul!  
 True, thou art small; nor canst thou deem thyself  
 Too small, or too unworthy of His note;  
 But still, each hair is numbered of thy head,  
 Such care hath He of man, though fallen, yet re-  
 deemed:

Such is His goodness, such His boundless love.  
 And wilt thou, then, refuse to hear His voice  
 Who calls thee to return from folly's way,  
 To seek the paths of wisdom, truth, and peace?  
 Wilt thou confess thy sin, yet not repent  
 And sue the pardon He hath sworn to give?  
 Or wilt thou hear of God's mysterious plan,—  
 Of mercy proffered, and free grace declared,  
 Through Him who bled, His well-beloved Son,  
 And wilt thou not believe the word and live?  
 O trembling sinner, lay thy doubt aside,

And come to God in faith, in humble trust  
On His omnipotence. For, art thou weak?  
He in thy weakness perfects strength, and in  
The mouth of babes and sucklings perfects praise.  
Approach His throne in prayer—thy feeble voice  
Shall reach the ear of Him who freely gives  
All things to them who ask in Jesus' Name.  
His merits plead, His finished sacrifice,  
And thou shalt learn the rapturous strain to join,  
"Jehovah reigns! Let all His sons rejoice!"

---

#### *Life.*

WHAT'S life? Go to the churchyard and survey  
These modest hillocks or those costly tombs.  
See here the infant, there the aged sire,  
This one in blooming youth by sudden stroke  
Cut off, and that by pining sickness worn.  
What say these verdant mounds? "'Tis but as grass  
That flourisheth to-day, to-morrow fades."  
What's life? Go to the gory battle-field,  
Where now the strife hath ceased, and all is still  
Save the deep groan of some departing soul;  
Where gloat the screaming jackall and fierce wolf;  
Where hundreds lie without a hand to help,  
Or friend to soothe their latest agony.

What say these forms, the dying and the dead?

"'Tis but as smoke that quickly vanisheth."

What's life? Go seek yon rugged sea-girt coast,  
Where roar the mighty billows crowned with foam,  
That, yearning for their prey, now rise, now fall,  
And heave and toss, and dash against the cliffs.

What say these angry waves? "A fragile bark,  
Quick shivered by the storm, and swallowed up."

What's life? Behold the lofty hills that stand  
Unmoved since first the mighty hand of God  
Founded and formed them in their fixed seats.

What say those mountains firm that stately frown?

"A vapour that the rising sun dispels."

What's life? Observe the forest where the blast  
Hath raged, and howling Boreas ruthless stript,  
With desolating sweep, the sere array  
From every branch, and left but naked trunks.

What say these oaks that scorn the hand of time?

"A falling leaf, that soon shall kiss the dust."

What's life? All Nature's voice responds the same—

A flitting shadow and a passing gale;

A clap of thunder or a vivid flash;

A midnight vision or a waking dream;

A flow'r that blossoms with the rosy morn,

But, fading, droops and dies with dewy eve;

An insect fluttering gaily on the breeze,

But prostrate ere one sunny day hath passed.

---



Such is our life! Oh, mortal, hear the tale,  
And flatter not thyself with many days,  
Nor talk of years with plenteous honours crowned.  
For what are these, or all the world can give?  
How empty, vain, and profitless for man.  
As 'twere a bark, that, passing o'er the waves,  
No pathway leaves, or sign to mark its course;  
Or as a bird or arrow speeding by  
Hath cleft the yielding air, but none can find  
Therein a trace to point how they have gone;  
E'en so, no sooner were we born to life  
Than we began to hasten to our end.\*  
Work, then, and toil, "while it is called to-day,"  
Nor search for pleasures, "spending strength for  
nought;"  
But seek thy God to serve and glorify;  
And when this span hath failed, its drop shall swell  
Into a second life of purest bliss,  
An ocean peaceful, glorious—infinite !

---

**Death.**

DEATH is a solemn and a stern reality:  
No vision of the night that passeth by,

\* Wisdom of Solomon, chap. v.

Nor leaves a trace behind ; no noon-day dream,  
Offspring of idle thought and listless mood.  
He cannot think so who has ever gazed  
Upon the corse of some belovèd friend,  
Or seen the mourners round th' expectant grave,  
Or felt, ere rescued from his fatal grasp,  
Creep o'er his frame the chilly touch of death.  
Where'er he goes, there awful stillness reigns,  
More deep than midnight's dark mysterious hour ;  
And goes he where he lists ; to lowly cot  
Or stately palace courts, and lays his hand  
Here on the peasant, there the monarch proud,  
Now on the babe, and now the hoary head ;  
Nor time, nor place, nor youth, nor beauty heeds :  
On each in turn he feasts, and freely whets  
His demon lust. Now, too, he stalketh o'er  
The land as 'twere a giant horse, and from  
His nostrils breathes a pestilential blast,  
Consuming thousands in his rapid course.  
Such empire hath he gained through man himself ;  
For since our primal parents disobeyed  
And fell, the king of terrors reigns supreme.  
But not for aye ; the second Adam hath,  
By dying once for all, confounded death.  
Not Man alone, but Godhead clothed in flesh,  
He purchased immortality and life.  
Oh, wondrous love ! oh, more than mighty deed !

One from the realms above hath trod this globe,  
To wash it from the curse by His own blood.  
And yet again He shall descend from heaven  
To tread our highly favoured sphere.  
Not then, as erst He came, in lowly form,  
The meek, reviled, rejected, patient Lamb,  
But clothed in majesty and might, with hosts  
Angelic, seraphim, and cherubim,  
With storm and tempest, fire and sword revealed,  
To judge in righteousness th' astonished world;  
To free the pris'ner, and the captive loose,  
And from the bands of death to rescue all,  
From churchyard green, or from the solemn deep,  
From mausoleum or the unknown grave,  
And marshal each before His great white Throne;  
To bless the holy and condemn the bad;  
To purify and renovate the earth,  
And make it a fit portion for His saints.  
Thus, to the faithful Christian, he who leans  
Upon a higher pow'r, and anxious looks  
And waits for Christ to come, the grisly king  
No terror wears; o'er him he hath but sway  
To hurt the body, not th' immortal soul—  
That breath of Deity conveyed to man,  
Which renders him of these sublunar things  
The lord, of fish and feathered fowl, and all  
That lives and moves upon the teeming earth.

He that has humble confidence and trust  
In Him who by His word created all ;  
That knows His might to save from sin and shame,  
And Satan thirsting for his soul ; that looks  
To brighter scenes and brighter hours in store,  
The world beyond the grave, which needs no sun  
Or moon—for He who sits upon the Throne  
Is more than light—where are nor tears, nor wars,  
Nor strifes, dark fears, nor cankering cares to mar  
The purest bliss, nor jarring note to break  
The ceaseless strain of holy melody ;—  
He who can thus regard approaching death,  
He fears him not ; but, dying, may exclaim,  
“ Death, where thy sting ? and where, O grave, thy  
victory ? ”

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*The Contrast.*

’TWAS in that softest hour of gentle eve—  
The hour by contemplation most beloved—  
When radiant splendour of the setting sun,  
And glowing crimson of his chariot-wheels  
Have passed ; and all the western hills and sky  
Appear dissolving in a purple flood,  
Divinely soothing to the care-worn heart.

'Twas 'mid such poetry of parting day,  
With vision fixèd on the lovely west,  
I slowly wandered by a beauteous lake  
Whose bright pellucid waters lay unmoved,  
Save when some cooling zephyr passing o'er  
Suffused a thousand dimpling smiles around.  
Thus roaming, to a verdant spot I came,  
Whereon I gladly laid me down awhile  
To feast my fancy with those fading hues.  
And as I gazed, I mused in placid joy,  
Unseen, unheeded, save by One above;  
No sound intruding but the dying notes  
Of woodland songsters in their evening hymn.  
And still I gazed, and gazing, I imbibed  
Some lulling potion of the mystic light  
Which softly stealing o'er my dreamy sense,  
I seemed uplifted from material earth,  
And higher rising, swiftly borne along  
Through realms unknown of air and sky, and past  
The region of the sun and moon and stars;  
Till sounds of distant music smote the ear,  
Breathing my soul within a holy calm.  
Now clearer and more thrilling wafts the sound,  
Inviting onward to yet higher realm  
That shone with radiance ne'er on earth beheld.  
Amid which splendour I at length espied  
A golden city placed, surpassing fair,

With walls of jasper and like precious stones,  
With pearlèd portals—every gate a pearl—  
And rarest jewels gleaming all around.  
Methought the “City of the Lamb” I viewed,  
Since nought but Paradise could be so fair;  
For freely flowed the copious streams of bliss,  
While wingèd beings ever flitted by  
With forms more lovely than I e’er conceived;  
And countless flowers with odour more than sweet,  
Transcendent in their varied beauty grew;  
Lilies more bright than gladdened Eden’s bowers,  
Unfading in their bloom and fragrancy.  
Each tree with sparkling foliage shone, that dropped  
The sweetest music as the breezes fanned,—  
An endless concert of harmonious strains,  
Each accent whisp’ring notes of perfect love.  
Within the city now I thought I moved,  
And, filled with wonder as I passed along,  
Surveyed those mansions redolent with bliss,  
Where nought but spotless innocence could dwell.  
There sprung a river called the “Stream of Life,”  
And by its banks a noble spreading tree  
Beneath whose shade a vast assembly dwelt.  
There too effulgence beamed, exceeding bright,  
Eclipsing far the light of sun or moon;  
And from the Throne it flowed, whereon, ’twas told,  
’Mid glory such I could not look upon,

The "King of kings" and "Lord of lords" there  
sat.

There, all around, above, below, a throng  
Unnumbered joined in ceaseless strain of praise ;  
Angelic hosts, with countless seraphim,  
And cherubim that veiled their faces aye.  
And soon a mixed multitude appeared  
With golden viol and rich jewelled lyre,  
A crown undying circling every brow  
Whereon was set a brilliant name and seal.  
With robe of dazzling whiteness each enclothed,  
Each too a palm triumphant bore and waved  
In holy rapture as he sung the song.  
The infant tender and the aged sire,  
The rich and poor—no longer rich and poor,  
But all of endless treasures now possessed—  
All, all, methought, as pure as if no taint  
Had ever passed upon their hallowed frames :  
Some glorious as the sun, while others seemed  
As lesser moon or stars ; yet all were glad—  
Exceeding glad in their eternal joy.  
And soon I fancied I could trace 'mong these  
Some who on earth my heart had loved and known,  
With whom the sweetest converse I had held,  
And walked with in the House of God as friends.  
Long, long I lingered 'mid those holy scenes,  
And would have lingered evermore my soul ;

But e'en the very glory overpowered  
My vision growing more and more bedimmed,  
While clouds were gathering round my feeble sense;  
And then meseemed retreating through the air,  
And darkness ever growing darker still.  
Mysterious terror o'er my vitals crept,  
As downward yet and downward more I sank  
To realms of gloom more gloomy than the grave,  
And sounds of horror rose with dismal cries,  
Sulphureous vapours mingled with the air,  
Inflaming as the fevered blast ascends.  
Oh, who can tell the awful sights revealed  
When first the veil was lifted from mine eyes!  
Satanic monsters glaring through the flames,  
The ceaseless writhings of distorted forms,  
Excruciating tortures all prepared,  
The fetters scorching every limb they held,  
Unbounded seas as 'twere of molten lead,  
The blazing scourges and the raging beasts,  
And thousands more I cannot e'en describe.  
And there, alas! were millions bound for e'er,  
Without one hope or joy their hearts to cheer,  
Remorse and anguish tearing every breast.  
No drop of water for the parchèd tongue,  
Nor breath of cooling for the fevered brow,  
But toil and woe, and woe and toil unchanged,  
To every dweller in destruction's pit.



And now, 'midst curses and blasphemings loud,  
I heard a fearful thunder-voice declare  
That all were filthy, all impure, unclean,  
False prophets, liars, unbelievers, there ;  
And every forehead bore a hideous brand,  
Sealing its owner as a lawful prize.  
Awhile I viewed, and shuddered at the sight,  
For everywhere 'twas plainly written, HELL.  
And scarce I breathed, so nauseous were the fumes ;  
And scarce I saw, so pitchy was the gloom ;  
And gasping quick, I struggled for relief,  
Yet seemed fast holden to the hateful spot  
By gloating fiends, that sought me for their own ;  
And trembling lest their purpose should succeed,  
I strove the harder with increasing dread,—  
When peal terrific seemed to rend the air,  
And all was gone. . . . .  
'Twas gone, and all my visions fled therewith,  
For I had slumbered on my grassy bed.  
But oh, how altered was the landscape now !  
Dense massy clouds had gathered in the west,  
And darkness brooded o'er this lower earth ;  
The thunders growled among the frowning hills,  
The vivid lightnings darted from the sky,  
The foaming waters lashed the pebbled shore,  
And wild-birds screamed in concert with the storm.  
'Twas changed indeed ; nor did I marvel at

The latter dream so well according with  
The gloom around. And, hasting from the scene,  
One fervent prayer with heart and soul I breathed,  
"Lord, save Thy servant from the second death!"

*Gloria in excelsis.*

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